

John Nollson
Drink American

John Podhoretz
Hollywood's Liberated Woman

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

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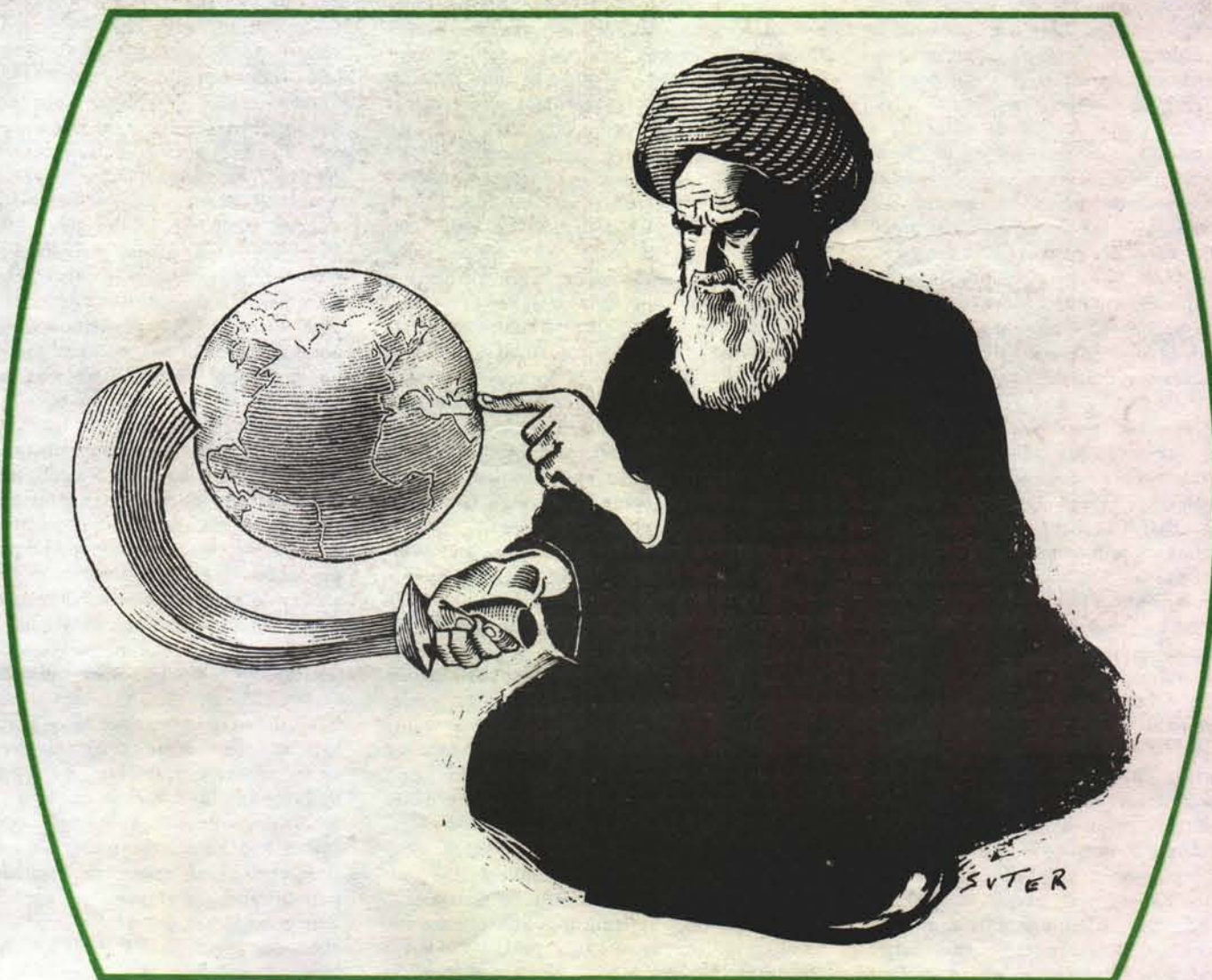
NO. 1

Francis X. Maier: The Jonas Savimbi Interview

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Andy's Favorite Saint



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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• On November 4, the Rev. Mr. Ruhollah Khomeini returned to the TV screens of America. Life in old Qom can grow tedious, especially if one is surrounded by idiot mullahs and the abysmal yokels who aspire to mullahdom, so the Holy Man set his bovine followers upon the U.S. Embassy. He called in the cameras and microphones, stuck his muzzle into the Koran, and proceeded to make Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair look plausible. Beyond showing that some giant American corporations—namely, ABC, CBS, and NBC—can still labor productively in 13th-century Iran, what else of a positive nature can be said about these six weeks of lunatic barbarism? The TV tycoons have for the greater glory of Mammon filled the TV screens with scowling primitives, quavering Americans, and our President: Metternich reduced to enunciating the platitudes of Dr. Spock through pursed lips. The thing is a saturnalia of stupidity, stupidity so stupefying that in Moscow Papa Brezhnev never misses the evening news, and the Hon. Aleksei Kosygin has, alas, suffered a heart attack. He will be missed.

• On November 7, Senator Edward M. Kennedy answered the anguished cries of tens of millions of down-trodden Americans and declared his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination. No bankers fled the country, and the generals appear to have accepted the news with equanimity. More mysterious still, the Massachusetts Cicero began to sound like a tremulous hind. Were the dirty tricksters at it again? Had the malefactors of great wealth brought in their CIA spooks? The pundits laid the blame for Teddy's blunderings to the heroics our President has shown during the Iranian terror. Skeptics pointed to Teddy's inherent mediocrity. Then, too, there is the troubling fact that after three years of our President's McGovernite-manned White House, Teddy really has nothing to suggest that is not either a) implausible or b) a policy of the Carter administration and therefore a catastrophe.

• Reformers continue to pique the conscience of America and to improve us. Passengers on Eastern Flight 1410, a morning shuttle from Washington to New York, certainly must have felt improved after anti-tobacco activist Mr. Robert Lent, a Washington lawyer seated in a smoking section, responded to the poisonous billows issuing from his neighbors by creating what pilot Larry Kinsey called "an insurrection." So impassioned did Mr. Lent become that Captain Kinsey was forced to land the plane at Baltimore-Washington International Airport, causing 177 passengers to cancel their trip and return to Washington, where they undoubtedly raised a quiet toast to the public-spiritedness of Mr. Lent. Moreover, this was not the month's only display of conscience. There was also Mr. Ralph Nader, who on November 20 popped up at a Senate Banking Committee hearing on aid to the Chrysler Corporation and apprised Senator Jake Garn that Senator Garn's wife of 19 years might not have perished in an automobile accident three

years ago had her car been equipped with Mr. Nader's safety equipment. Truth be known, Senator Garn did not take Mr. Nader's admonition in the avuncular spirit with which it was intended. In fact, when Mr. Nader gently pointed out that safer cars "could have headed off the personal tragedy of certain senators," Senator Garn became surprisingly hostile, turning what should have been a very high-minded colloquy into a very personal confrontation. Nonetheless, Mr. Nader cut to the heart of the matter when he pronounced, "You're not going to deny me the right to be touched by the death of your wife... and you're not going to deny me the right to say that kind of personal tragedy could have been prevented." Here is a very big man.

• President Carter may be faced with the greatest threat to his Presidency yet, for an 81-year-old lawyer, Mr. Robert A. Wade of South Boston, Virginia, has filed suit in federal court demanding that the President be removed from office because he "is a religious idiot... living in a dream world of his own making devoid of common sense and reality." In New York City police are looking for an unknown urban terrorist who injects alienation and misery into the system by printing on the back of unused bank withdrawal slips, "THIS IS A STICK UP." The scoundrel then vamooses, leaving the withdrawal slips to be filled out by unsuspecting customers who are duly clamped into the hoosegow. In Sacramento, California, a 32-year-old daughter of joy has sued her doctor claiming that his alleged malpractice during a throat operation vitiated her capacity for oral sex. And in New York City Miss Megan Marshack, the young art expert who was with Mr. Nelson Rockefeller as he cooled to room temperature, has taken a job with Broadway producer Mr. Alexander H. Cohen.

• Just days after Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Mrs. Patricia Harris issued a stout allocution against sex discrimination in college athletic programs, a hammer-wielding assailant in Norfolk, Virginia, visited "irreparable damage" upon the private parts of the Chrysler Museum's gigantic bronze nude, "Man." As a consequence, "Man" is now one of the only male nudes in America conforming to HEW's sex discrimination standards, and local officials have not ruled out the possibility that the atrocity was the work of one of Mrs. Harris' overzealous agents. In St. Paul, Minnesota, a 15-year-old boy, distraught by the cancellation of the TV show "Battlestar Galactica," took the hemlock by launching himself into the Mississippi River from a local bridge. Pakistani strongman General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq has vowed to get tough with shepherds who enter into liaisons with members of their flocks, and in Sri Lanka the Rt. Rev. Mr. Achmed Abdullah has declared his belief that heretofore unrealized sources of virility can be tapped by sitting on a transistor radio for an hour or so a day.

• French sports fans grieved over the untimely death of M. Marc Quinquand, the snail-eating champion of the world. M. Quinquan-

dom, a 386-pound truck driver, died of indigestion after swallowing a record plate of six dozen snails in less than three minutes. On November 13, San Francisco inducted its first professed homosexuals into the police department after what Mayor Dianne Feinstein described as "intensive recruitment among San Francisco's gay community." No details of the mode of recruitment were forthcoming, but the forward-looking Mrs. Feinstein did make bold her asseveration that the presence of the homosexual police would have "a major impact on reducing crime"—unless one happens to be a cute male speeder. Twelve tons of defective baby diapers packed into a 40-foot trailer truck mysteriously ignited in Jamul, California, causing panic. And eight thousand exuberant rock aesthetes rushed for seats at a Cincinnati rock concert, leaving eight injured and 11 dead.

• The cause of civil liberties in Krugersdorp, South Africa, suffered incalculable damage when Judge Chris Eksteen found Mr. Christiaan Ehrson guilty of slander for calling Miss Katherine Adleman, a conventional biped, a cow. The unfortunate decision reversed an 18-year-old ruling establishing that a man could, indeed, call a woman a cow without committing slander. Of course, 18 years ago cows were in far higher repute amongst civilized peoples. In Bloomer, Wisconsin, President John F. Kennedy had referred to the "American cow" as "the 'foster mother' of the human race, and a great asset to the nation"; and there had been no "milk fund" scandal. To call a woman a cow, in those days, might even have been interpreted as a compliment, but times change.

• Bulgaria announced price increases across the board, and back in Washington our 96th Congress responded to our energy needs by expediting its so-called windfall profits tax. Thus, those who produce energy will be punished for producing it, even as those who produce unprofitable cars will be encouraged to produce them. For the same doltish solons who would cut oil profits and the incentives to find oil are leading the campaign to extend a life-support system from the U.S. Treasury to the Chrysler Corporation, proving once again that one ought to be an economic idiot to be a congressman and an incompetent businessman to be befriended by Congress. And back in the House of Representatives, where the solemnities compete with snores and where the paper airplanes of the Democrats soar above the spitballs of the Republicans, the House Foreign Affairs Committee on December 11 finally did something about our hostages in Iran. It approved a resolution demanding that none of the hostages have their "career prospects impaired by the ordeal." Further, Americans are being urged to send the hostages season's greetings. A powerful statement that, but I have a suggestion that may be more powerful still. Why not send season's greetings directly to the Holy Man in Qom, and include in each packet a salacious underwear ad from your hometown newspaper? That ought to move him. —RET

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EDITORIAL



AMERICA LAST

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

When one has reached the advanced age of the Holy Man Ruhollah Khomeini, the professional services of the weatherman become very important indeed. Allah and all his esoteric blah doubtless remain diverting, but a septuagenarian grouser's preeminent concern is with the dance of the barometer. And what of the humidity? How blow the winds? Will the temperature remain benign?

Let the barometric pressure dive, and a geezer is ambushed by sudden inflammation of the nasal mucosa, painful swellings in the joints, and, as every subscriber to the *New England Journal of Medicine* knows, constriction of the blood vessels. A vagrant chill in the wind is but a prelude to paresthesias of the most exotic and unenviable variety. Things tingle. Things go numb. Suddenly there is a surge of gas in the upper gastrointestinal tract, a burning behind the eyes, perhaps dizzy spells. Does the Holy Man go about his daily ministrations amid a gaggle of prostrate followers? Well, why should he not pause occasionally to boot one in the arse? They get in the way, and wait until *they* get up in years. The Holy Man Khomeini can tell you that, as the shadow of one's years lengthens, a bout on the prayer rug is no picnic, and, should the barometer heave suddenly, there can be flatus, perhaps worse.

Precisely what the weather was in historic Qom during the first weekend in November, I do not know. Our American newspapers no longer carry all the important foreign news, and our newly reformed CIA would have difficulty spotting a major earthquake in the area, so humane and progressive has it become.

Whatever the weather, it is apparent that it took a drastic change on November 4. Before that date the days must have been halcyon, for the venerated Mullah was relatively quiescent: sweetly lapping up his luncheons of bread and gravy, perhaps mulling over plans for a few new

prisons, but nothing more. In far-off Mexico the Shah, attired in his ever-present glamour shirt, discoed lewdly, but the cerebral chambers of the Holy Man remained free of fever. Then on November 4 he filled with an inexplicable fury. Why?

He should have been purring with holy contentment. Doubled up with gallstones, the Shah had been flown to New York Hospital. There he had his gall bladder removed in a two-and-one-half-hour operation, and—Allah be praised—cancer was reported. Painful therapies were a certainty. The Holy Man should have been kicking up his ancient heels and dispensing cigars to his entourage of

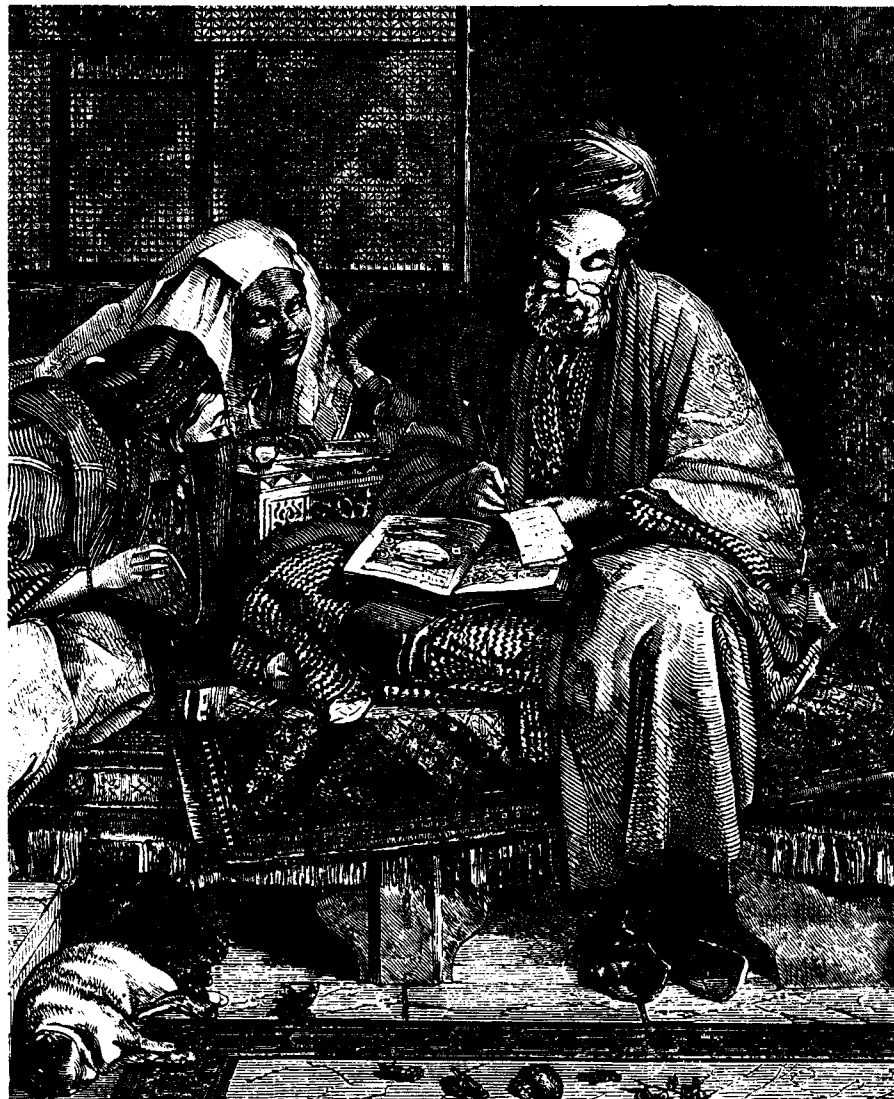
yokels. But no. Fury descended on him.

Soon he was bashing his old head into the holy rug, foaming with imprecations against our Great Republic, and defenestrating wastepaper baskets. Under his homiletics, the *crème de la crème* of Iranian studenthood—all middle-aged, inflamed, and some speaking Russian—went marching, and the entire U.S. Embassy was kidnapped. Iranian radio roared with the sacred vituperative of this gifted "Islamic philosopher." The land of the free and the home of the brave became "The

Great Satan," the "Enemy No. 1 of Humanity," and, well, indelicacies so shocking that even members of the League of Women Voters would not utter them. Why such furious allegations against us and not our neighbors, the hospitable Mexicans? Our CIA analysts, busily pondering their meager evidence and pestering the Library of Congress for more facts, remain in the dark. They should not rule out the weather. Perhaps a sudden fall in the barometer constricted the flow of blood to the Holy Man's ancient ruin of a brain. Inflammation of the mucosa cannot be ruled out. Still, despite the great saintliness Brother Young spied in him, I wish he were dead.

It is significant that our President chose Mr. Ramsey Clark, of all the political corpses in America, as our envoy to Iran. And it is more significant still that the dyspeptic Holy Man left him blubbering and scratching his noodle in Istanbul. Last January Clark, a tireless and unctuous sympathizer for some of the most barbaric so-called liberation movements, returned from a personal conversation with the Rev. Khomeini, carrying away no hint of the man's lunatic viciousness. Instead, he and his traveling companions, Professor Richard Falk and Mr. Don Luce, returned with praise for Khomeini, admonitions against impending American deviltry, and scorn for the Iranian Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar, by all accounts a decent liberal intellectual who was then a staunch opponent of the autocratic Shah and has ever since shown himself to be a brave friend of liberty.

These three meatheads are significant because they so wondrously represent the foreign policy mentality that has reigned in the Wonderboy's White House. It is a mentality whose ancestry dates back to the days of Henry Wallace. Founded on the most absurd fatuities, it always assumes the innocence and higher morality of our enemies: They are in the right, we are in the wrong; accommodation



is our only proper response. Today this mentality stands exposed in all its decrepitude. In the Southeast Asian holocaust and in the Iranian hysteria, we see the utter discrediting of the sometimes guilt-ridden, sometimes self-righteous appeasers who have reigned atop our foreign policy estab-

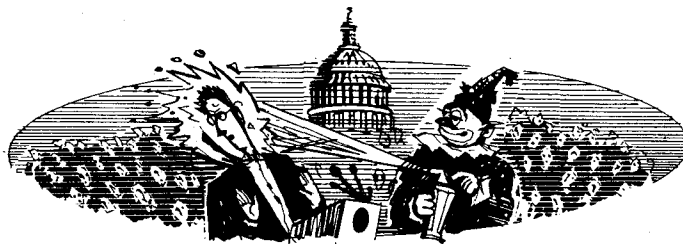
lishment since Vietnam. Their nostrums have lead to literally millions of deaths and could lead to millions more. Now these nostrums and the beliefs underpinning them have been exposed in all their lurid vacuity. To persist in advocating them is to declare oneself a fanatic in behalf of idiocy.

One has to be an idiot to believe, as some piously do, that America's war in Southeast Asia persuaded Pol Pot to destroy his own nation. One has to be an idiot and a drunk to believe, as Mr. Luce does, that there would be no boat people had the United States and the refugees been more coopera-

tive with Hanoi. And to think that the Shah was our "puppet" and that we were responsible for his policies—well, here one has to be less than an idiot: One has to be Garry Wills writing his syndicated column. There

(continued on page 28)

CAPITOL IDEAS



KENNEDY'S HEARING AIDES

by Tom Bethell

Wherever Senator Edward M. Kennedy goes, he is surrounded by a tight cluster of petitioners and protectors who maneuver for positions around his bustling person. Some call out, "Senator... Senator..." as they trot along in his wake—the whole convoy proceeding at well above normal walking speed. Others carry briefcases and wave memoranda, while still others have little insignia in their lapels and wear large-cut suits to accommodate the bulges under their armpits.

And here they come, Kennedy leading by a nose, rounding corners and now clattering down the final straight, which is an echoing flagstone corridor in the center of the United States Capitol building. Kennedy is on his way to the Senate Judiciary Committee hearing room, where he will preside over a markup session of Senate bill S.1722 (formerly S.1).

A "markup session" is what happens when the senators on a committee get together and debate among themselves various proposals to amend pending legislation. S.1722 is an elaborate attempt to rewrite a section of the criminal code, and it has been winding its way through the legislative labyrinths for eight years at least. The draft bill is over 400 pages long, and very few people in America have any idea what the

whole thing means or why in fact it is necessary to rewrite the criminal code. Judging by their reactions at today's markup, quite a few senators don't know either.

The hearing room is plainly too small for the number of people in it. A long table with microphones in front of each chair awaits the senatorial arrivals. In front of Kennedy's

chair, at the end of the table, there is a little wooden gavel. The room is already packed with senators' aides and reporters. The latter carry notepads, but are probably more interested in Kennedy than in the bill under consideration. The numerous legislative assistants, who outnumber the senators two or three to one, are more interested in trying to influ-

ence the bill this way or that. It is true to say of most of them, if not all, that a portion of their daily routine is devoted to imagining that they actually are senators, in which capacity they find that they easily outperform their employers.

Kennedy enters the room and pops a cigar into his mouth. Heads turn and there is a subtle change in the noise level. When a celebrity shows up at a crowded party, the decibel level rises. But this is more complex. The murmur level rises. A Secret Service man takes up station by the door, and Kennedy moves over toward his chair, taking his jacket off. The jutting line of his back-corset is plainly visible beneath his shirt.

His face is salmon-pink, his hair somewhat tousled. Kennedy has about him an air of slightly disreputable, roguish charm. You get the feeling that were it not for the accident of heredity he would today be far, far away from the tedium of a Judiciary Committee meeting—perhaps tending bar somewhere in South Boston or rollicking about with half a dozen pals at the racetrack. It is possible even to feel sorry for him—driven by circumstances more or less beyond his control into a public life for which he is probably unsuited by temperament, and which he probably does not enjoy.

Sitting next to him is the aged Senator Strom Thurmond, an extinct volcano most unlikely to erupt. Very



Drawing by Elliott Banfield, from *Public Nuisances*, Basic Books.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington columnist and Washington editor of Harper's.

close to Kennedy's right and slightly behind him is a slim, balding gentleman named Ken Feinberg, the special counsel to the Judiciary Committee. His role proves to be that of interpreter. Senator Thad Cochran, a young and eager-to-please Republican from Mississippi, says something to Kennedy about a proposed amendment, and as he speaks Kennedy has his head turned to the right, listening not to Cochran but to Feinberg, who whispers continuously into Kennedy's ear. As he listens, he peels off pieces of the outer leaf of his cigar.

Then a gentleman begins to speak in a loud, clear voice from the audience, several paces away from the senatorial table. This is none other than Ron Gainer from the Justice Department. There is a respectful hush among the senators as he explains what the law is and how it is about to be changed. Kennedy looks down at his cigar and peels off a few more flakes. He defers to Gainer throughout the proceedings. At another moment, he openly seeks the advice and consent of the man from the American Civil Liberties Union.

The eager young assistants are beginning to creep up closer to the senators' chairs, many of which are still empty. Then, after a while, the urge becomes irresistible and they openly sit in the chairs. But they know their place. The senators put their elbows on the table but aides do

not as a rule. Sometimes they will push protocol to its limits and put *one* elbow on the table. Kennedy does not mind a bit. He welcomes any comments. There appears not to be an authoritarian bone in his body. He resembles nothing so much as the easygoing headmaster who lets the boys rag the faculty.

"Ah, Mr. Schwartz, what's your reaction on this?" he inquires at one point. Mr. Schwartz, who wears heavy horn-rimmed spectacles, is sitting with an air of great dignity and comfort in the chair of Senator Metzenbaum of Ohio. It is not clear whether Mr. Schwartz is from Ohio, but he gives his reaction.

Now Senator Birch Bayh makes an entry, chewing gum. He stands by the door for a while, looking out over the assembled company, continuing to chew, as if to say: I'm just going to stand here and chew gum for the time being, and anyone who doesn't like it can join me outside. If Kennedy is the gregarious headmaster, Bayh is the athletic director who knows a thing or two about keeping order.

He takes his chair, and the two aides standing behind get down into the approved "crouch" position, ready to start their whispering. But before too long Bayh gets up and leaves the room. His aides stand up again. Then the roaming athletic

director returns, this time holding his coat over his shoulder, Camelot-style.

There is some obscure talk, started by Senator Simpson of Wyoming (a lean-faced country-lawyer type), about First Amendment rights in connection with protestors occupying nuclear power plants.

"I wish the Justice Department might be able to help," says Kennedy, who is playing with his gavel. "Can you comment on that kind of concern, er, Ron?"

He can, and for good measure Bayh adds that "the First Amendment doesn't give anyone the right to go into my backyard or into nuclear power plants."

But no one is against the First Amendment. "We're not trying to run a whizzer so that we crush First Amendment rights," someone reassures.

"...grey areas..." Kennedy concludes.

Bayh has a peculiar amendment he wishes to insert. It would permit wives to charge their husbands with rape. It's all a part of the new Puritanism, apparently. He is opposed by Senator Orrin Hatch, who has been sitting through the proceedings with a faint air of long-suffering rectitude. Hatch worries that the Bayh amendment will undermine the family.

In his back-and-forth with Hatch, Bayh is now advised by Jessica

Josephson, who is tall and is wearing a calf-length tweedy skirt and matching jacket. In whispering to Bayh, she won't assume the crouch position. Probably it would be too undignified. Instead, she executes a quick little knee bend to lower herself to Bayh's height. From across the table, it looks like a curtsy. When Hatch speaks, she gives him an aggrieved look, as though he were insulting her. In response, she gives another curtsy, and Bayh speaks back.

Hatch eventually gives up the battle when Senator Thurmond makes it clear that he is not offering any support. The senator from Utah "is right about 99 percent of the time," Thurmond suspects, but this is not one of them. Hatch withdraws his objection, Miss Josephson gives one last curtsy, and the athletic director has a moment of glory.

All good things must come to an end, and before much more progress is made Kennedy picks up his gavel and announces that the committee will reconvene for further deliberations on the criminal code the following Tuesday morning. Kennedy puts on his jacket, and an appropriate amount of hand-grasping, nodding and smiling, murmuring and plotting is carried on around him. Finally his entourage gathers itself together and sweeps him out of the room, out into the slipstream of presidential campaigning. □



THE TALKIES

KRAMER VS. KRAMER

by John Podhoretz

Ever since the rapid suffusion of the attitudes and rhetoric of the women's liberation movement into every aspect of American life, movies have been made about the explosive issues of male domination and female subjugation, sexual bondage, and "societal brainwashing." These movies—among them *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, *Coming Home*, and *An Unmarried Woman*—all follow a standard case history: A woman, thinking she has been a happy wife and mother, is suddenly shocked

into seeing her husband as he "really is," and goes against all she has been told in order to free herself of her lord and master and run her own life. These movies all applaud, or cry for, their heroines as they, either successfully or unsuccessfully but always courageously, try to strip themselves of the yoke of millennia-old slavery.

In a new movie called *Kramer vs. Kramer*, matters are not so simple. The movie is not really concerned with the marital difficulties of its title characters. Rather, it is about Joanna Kramer's decision to go off and "find herself" and the effects that decision

has on the little boy she leaves behind with her husband, Ted. When someone tells Ted that "it took a lot of courage for Joanna to do what she did," he responds with "Yeah? What kind of courage does it take to walk out on your kid?" and we realize that this is the kind of challenge to the heroine that the other movies simply lied about or hid from. *Kramer vs. Kramer* tackles it at the very beginning. And while the movie fails to come away with a completely satisfactory answer to the question it poses, it treats its subject with a delicacy and accuracy that have been missing from the other movies about

women-going-to-find-out-who-they-really-are.

The Kramers are an affluent, chic couple living on Manhattan's Upper East Side; Ted (Dustin Hoffman) is an advertising executive whose career is beginning to blossom; Joanna (Meryl Streep) stays at home and minds their son, Billy (Justin Henry). One day Ted comes home from the office, full of news about his latest success, and Joanna nervously hands him her front-door key, his laundry

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John Podhoretz is a student at the University of Chicago.



Francis X. Maier

THE JONAS SAVIMBI INTERVIEW

The Carter administration doesn't like Angola's most popular guerrilla leader, apparently because he's pro-America and wants to drive the Russians and Cubans out of Africa.

Jonas Malheiro Savimbi, now in his mid-forties and one of the leading figures in the Angolan independence struggle, is reviled by his enemies as a tribalist, a racist, and an opportunist. But since founding UNITA (the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola) in the rugged countryside of his homeland 14 years ago, Savimbi has lived, worked, and fought as a guerrilla hero to a significant portion of the Angolan peasantry. He has survived six assassination attempts, a variety of diplomatic betrayals, major military and psychological reverses—and yet today, UNITA controls up to half the total land area and population of Angola, with more than 15,000 guerrillas in the field, organized to battalion strength in key sectors.

On November 3, as a guest of Freedom House and Social Democrats, USA, Savimbi arrived in the United States to present, over the next ten days, his side of the continuing Angolan civil war. His trip created a great deal of anxiety at the State Department; so much, in fact, that Richard Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, reportedly tried to block the visit. The reason Savimbi is *persona non grata* is simple: His continued existence calls into question the basic premises of the administration's policy in Africa.

Those premises can be traced directly to the Angolan debacle of 1975. On November 11 of that year, following a leftist coup in Lisbon 19 months earlier, the Portuguese hauled down their flag in Angola and sailed for home. That ended 400 years of colonial administration and 14 years of inconclusive guerrilla warfare—at least for the Portuguese. According to the Alvor Agreement, power was to be shared by representatives of all three liberation movements: the Marxist MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) led by Agostinho Neto (who died in Mos-

cow on September 11, 1979); Holden Roberto's FNLA (National Front for the Liberation of Angola); and UNITA, then a maverick group nobody knew much about.

Fighting broke out even before the old colonial authorities had left. The MPLA seized the capital city of Luanda, declared itself the sole legal government, and more than 15,000 Cuban combat troops and advisors poured in to back it up. South Africa intervened on the side of the other guerrilla groups; though the operation was a military success, it turned into a political fiasco. The FNLA, UNITA, and the United States were denounced as racists, and Congress, inspired by the recent disaster in Vietnam, cut off covert assistance to the pro-Western nationalists. South Africa had no choice but to withdraw.

Predictably, the MPLA and the Cubans drove their guerrilla opponents into the bush, claiming victory in early 1976 and settling down to the task of consolidating power. The Luanda regime was voted into the UN (with the United States abstaining),

and received the diplomatic recognition of most of the world's nations—with several exceptions, notably the United States and the People's Republic of China.

Since 1976, many people have been urging the United States to recognize "reality" in the form of the MPLA government. Influential academics like John Marcum and Gerald Bender argue that the MPLA is the best educated, best organized, most politically systematic and forward-looking, and least racist of the rival nationalist movements, and therefore deserves to rule.

The motives of corporations like Gulf, Texaco, Boeing, and Mobil are somewhat less altruistic: Angola is potentially one of the richest countries in Africa, with massive deposits of oil in Cabinda and major concentrations of iron, manganese, diamonds, and other minerals useful to the American economy. In the short run, acquisition of these resources would be easier if relations with the Luanda regime were normalized.

State Department officials also argue that Luanda has been extremely helpful in the search for a Namibian peace settlement, although, at least at this writing, there is no peace in Namibia. Nor, according to South African sources, is there likely to be any as long as Angola continues to encourage "terrorists." (Angola is now training ZANU, ZAPU, and SWAPO guerrillas, as well as Katangese secessionists.)

As political analysts Chester Crocker and Kenneth Adelman point out, the Luanda regime is not a legitimate government. It came to power on Cuban bayonets, presides over an economy in chaos, and is kept in power by massive Soviet aid, 28,000 Cuban combat troops, and thousands more Cuban and East European advisors. It cannot claim to represent the Angolan people because it has never held a free election (nor even a



Jonas Savimbi

Photo by R. Bruce McCollm

Francis X. Maier is editor of the National Catholic Register.

rigged one). Nor does it control the land, as evidenced by UNITA's continuing successful closure of the economically vital Benguela Railway, which cuts through the heart of the country.

Worse, the MPLA's human-rights record is dismal. In a Pastoral Letter released in January 1978, the Angolan Catholic bishops attacked the MPLA's systematic repression of freedom of speech, worship, and assembly. They also criticized widespread arrests without cause, and indirectly confirmed what UNITA has been claiming for some time: that large numbers of Angolan children are being abducted and forcibly relocated for political education.

The fabric of Angolan culture is gradually being annihilated. But the difference between what is happening in Angola and, say, the disasters now befalling Mozambique under FRELIMO, is that in Angola there is still an armed resistance. And, for the moment at least, it is winning.

Savimbi is a pragmatist. He seizes much of what he needs on the battlefield from his opponents (food has never been a problem, since UNITA is strongest in the heavily populated central regions of Angola, the nation's breadbasket). Within Africa, he is covertly supported by ten or eleven "moderate" states, reportedly including Gabon, Senegal, Morocco, Ivory Coast, Kenya, the Sudan, Egypt, and Tunisia. Beyond Africa, his key patrons are France and, to a lesser degree, China. He fights an inexpensive war, and he does it well, according to Don Junior of the State Department. And he can keep on doing it indefinitely.

The great appeal of UNITA and Savimbi is that they have confounded, again and again, those experts who would exclude them from the destiny of their own homeland. Savimbi is a reminder that resistance does make a difference. He is also a wit-

ness to the fact that, somewhere along the way, the United States has lost the ability to distinguish our natural friends from our natural enemies. It's another curious irony of the late twentieth century—and a hint of our moral disarray—that the only "freedom fighters" we will not wine and dine are those who profess our own values.

The following interview took place on November 6, 1979, at the Essex House in New York City. Portions of this interview appear in the December 1979 issue of the National Catholic Register.

Q: What do you consider to be the main failing of U.S. foreign policy in Africa?

JS: We deplore the Carter administration's inability to respond to the occupation of the continent by Cuba and the Soviet Union. African countries are, militarily and in terms of international influence, still weak. Those who are friends of the United States need to be supported by America. And I am not talking about provoking a confrontation, I am talking about attitude, about general policy. Today there is a total absence of resistance to Russian and Cuban aggression, and after long years of struggle against colonialism, it pains us to see that a new form of imperialism is dominating our continent.

Cuba has gained great prestige from its successes in Angola, in Ethiopia, and elsewhere. Cuba has 60,000 soldiers on the continent, and because of that, it has become a major force in international politics. If, in 1975, the United States had remained firm, and even now if there were strong signals coming from Washington, I think the Cubans would be finished. Instead, because of the victories the Soviets and Cubans have scored in Africa, the "non-aligned" movement has become just another platform for Russian propaganda.

American and Russian interests are not the same. But the United States has done

nothing, has no policy, or even worse, it has pursued objectives that are opposed to its own basic interests.

Q: In your analysis, what has brought the United States to the point of having no policy?

JS: America was deeply frustrated by the defeat in Vietnam. The administration involved the country in a war without adequately explaining it or justifying it. Then, with Watergate, people lost whatever confidence remained in the leadership. The American people have gone through a difficult period of frustration and self-doubt. But I think the way of organizing a recovery is for the leaders to lead, to come forward with new initiatives, to be strong and willing to risk themselves, not to fall back on the nation with excuses and fear. History did not end with Vietnam. Vietnam is over. You must move on.

Q: A large school of American thought feels that it was Western imperialism that destroyed the fabric of African life in the first place. Why do you turn now to the West, and specifically to the United States, to seek assistance and understanding?

JS: The great drama of the West in the modern era is the playing out of its own guilt. Guilt is devouring the values of the West, and it is a tragedy to watch. Colonialism was a historical fact. But now it is in the past. And while it is true that colonialism brought with it a domination that tried to destroy our values, we learned through colonialism the ideas and methods needed to resist.

But this new form of colonialism is absolutely different. The Russians and the Cubans, who were supposed to be our friends and who did give us help in our struggle against the Portuguese, are now bringing us a new style of slavery. The irony is, we never hated the Western countries—the Portuguese or the Americans. Before we fought the Portuguese, we told them, "This kind of relationship, the way you treat us, is inhuman. Let us equalize the terms of our relationship." They did not respond, and that forced us to pick up arms, but in 1974 we sat down and we talked in good faith—and we gained our independence.

You must remember that Angola has had a 400-year relationship with the West. We have learned how to know the mind of Western countries. The result is, now we can talk to each other and understand each other. What we are telling you is this: "You have left our countries because we fought, but our relationship has merely changed, it is not over. We need your help. Do not abandon us."

You should understand too that Russian support for our struggle came only in the 1960s, not before, because they were ignorant of the stakes; they did not know what Africa meant for them. But today the Western countries know exactly what Africa is, know better than anyone in the world how important it is. And in the long run, our enemy is your enemy, has always



been your enemy, and at least for the foreseeable future will remain your enemy. We have much common ground, and while we are not asking you to fight our war, because we are capable of doing that ourselves, it is natural for us to cooperate.

Q: Have you sensed a shift in the policies of the United States since Donald McHenry replaced Andrew Young at the United Nations?

JS: No. McHenry was instrumental in attempting to negotiate a Namibian agreement between the Luanda regime and the Western Five. I doubt that McHenry would want to change any of the present administration's African policies, since he was the one who engineered all the present contacts with Luanda. I assume he would like to see the United States extend diplomatic recognition to the MPLA government.

This is something that really puzzles us: Why does the United States always give away its bargaining cards? People are saying that you have to recognize the regime in Luanda because that will help you to solve the problem of Namibia. But if America recognizes the MPLA government in Luanda, it will encourage the Cubans to stay in Angola by making their crimes diplomatically legitimate. The Cubans, or rather the Russians, will then have bases from which to operate against Zimbabwe, Namibia, and Zaire. Your strategy is all wrong; recognition is a bargaining card. It makes no sense to give it away and get nothing substantial in return.

Q: You have said many times that UNITA is the key to peace in southern Africa. Could you elaborate on that? Many people outside Africa look upon UNITA as a spoiler, a complication.

JS: What I am saying is this: You cannot have peace in southern Africa without peace in Angola, and you cannot have peace in Angola without a government of national unity and reconciliation that will include UNITA, because UNITA represents the majority of the Angolan people. If there had been elections in 1975, UNITA would have won, and if there were elections today, UNITA would still win.

It is ironic that your own government has finally recognized how important Angola is by attempting to court the Luanda regime in reaching a Namibian settlement—though they are going about it in a mistaken way. It is clear that Angola plays a major role everywhere on the southern Africa sub-continent. You cannot have peace in Zaire, in Zimbabwe, in Namibia, in Zambia, without Angolan stability and cooperation.

The tragedy is that, had UNITA come to power in 1975, we would have been in an excellent position to solve at least some of the region's problems. UNITA had close relations with Mobutu in Zaire, and Kaunda in Zambia, and we were on excellent terms with SWAPO because we had trained their cadres, and we came from the same regions and were of the same blood. UNITA could have exerted a great moder-

ating and stabilizing influence on the entire area. But when the Cubans came with their tanks and their airplanes and their helicopters, and we had no choice but to retreat into the bush.

Now we hear people telling us that we should accept defeat, lay down our arms, and eliminate ourselves from the scene for the sake of peace. But we have *not* been defeated. This line of reasoning is criminal, and we will not accept it. The majority of the people of Angola are now in areas that we control. These are people who have been loyal to us and have supported us through 14 years of war. What are we to do now? Abandon them?

The United States must understand that forcing people to make a bad peace is wrong. The United States should never have pressured Mobutu to deal with Neto; Mobutu lost everything, even his own personal prestige. When Mobutu went to Luanda, there were no negotiations and no discussions. An agreement had been prepared beforehand by his "friends," the Americans, and it turned out that Mobutu was just there to sign the paper. The

United States humiliated him. Mobutu may or may not be corrupt, but he is still the leader of his people, and he deserves to be respected. The peace he got in Luanda is not in the interest of the Zairean people. It is in the interest only of the MPLA. Will that sort of peace really last? How can it?

I remember when UNITA went to Kenya to make peace with the leaders of the other parties—the MPLA and the FNLA. We met first in Mombasa, and Jomo Kenyatta told us, "You carried rifles and you fought the Portuguese, but you have also fought each other for many years. Now we have agreed that you will work together in the future, so in the African tradition let us plant a tree to symbolize your friendship." Neto argued, "No, this man is a reactionary, it has no significance in my life, to plant a tree—what's that?" But Kenyatta forced us to do it anyway and we planted the tree; and he said that every time we came back to Mombasa, we would have to water it and thereby cement our peace forever. But Neto said, "I'm not going back to Mombasa," and he left. →



Well, we returned to Angola, but there was more fighting among us and so I convinced Kenyatta to call us back to talk again. We went back and Kenyatta said, "Look, that day you planted the tree you did not really agree to peace in your hearts. Now we have talked again. And now we will have to kill a goat and put the blood of that goat on the tree to water it." Neto refused to do it, and he ran away. Kenyatta had the goats slaughtered anyway, but when we were called to go to the ceremony, Neto had disappeared. In Neto's mind, the whole ritual was just another example of a reactionary past.

But that sort of ritual is the root of his people, and when he rejected it, he was rejecting his people, his past, and even himself—and that is why his message will never penetrate the Angolan heart.

Let me give you a small example of why the MPLA is not accepted by our people. In trying to rebuild the zones of our country that they control, the MPLA has called upon the people to work for socialism from Monday through Saturday, and then on Sunday the MPLA calls on them to give yet another full day of work to the state. The people don't understand this. They compare the MPLA to the Portuguese and they say, "The Portuguese never did that to us, we had to work for them Monday through Saturday, but at least on Sunday we were free to do what we wanted." Those who were Christians went to church. Those who were not remained at home to talk, to think, to rest, to discuss problems. But today they don't have any time at all; the state takes everything from them and the people resent it. This is typical of the MPLA mentality and it is alien to Angolan culture.

Q: The World Council of Churches has given "humanitarian" grants to ZANU, ZAPU, and SWAPO guerrillas in southern

Africa. Do you think the Council should be involved in financing such groups?

JS: UNITA also received support from the World Council of Churches when we were fighting the Portuguese. I don't think that such assistance is necessarily wrong, if the aim is to help liberate people who are oppressed. But I am afraid that the World Council of Churches has been subverted, and is now being manipulated by those who are sympathetic to the Soviet Union. If ZANU, ZAPU, and SWAPO genuinely represent the liberation of their people, then those groups are entitled to humanitarian support from the World Council of Churches. But it is important to distinguish genuine liberation movements from groups masquerading as liberation movements who are, in reality, merely agents of a new form of imperialism.

Your question reminds me of a report John Fisher did on the situation in Angola for the World Council of Churches at the end of 1976. He came to Angola, looked around, went back to Geneva, and said that everything was going very well for the church in Angola. We were stunned because at the same time cries were coming to us from all over the country—from Protestants as well as Catholics—that the MPLA was destroying everything that had anything to do with the church. The MPLA was in the process of transforming churches all over the country into military barracks and warehouses, but when Fisher came, he said that everything was going smoothly, that the MPLA was helping the churches and guaranteeing freedom of religion. We knew that Fisher was simply lying. His report was a premeditated lie, and it shocked us that a man who was working for the church would do such a thing. He was not misinformed—he did it to help the MPLA.

Q: Wasn't it Fisher who recommended that the World Council of Churches give

the MPLA government C130 planes, allegedly so that they could fly food into southern Angola?

JS: Yes, he said that the planes could help bring food to refugees, but of course the planes were used to fly MPLA soldiers to the front. The situation of the church in Angola is really tragic, and it is only now coming to the attention of the international press. There are four Catholic bishops now in Portugal who have recently come from Angola, and they are speaking out. The disturbing thing is, I have heard many people say that these MPLA atrocities and violations of the freedom of religion are accidental. But that is a lie. The MPLA's harassment of religion is a deliberate and systematic policy.

Q: So you see MPLA violations of political and religious rights as being inherent in the MPLA's ideology?

JS: All the witnesses coming from the towns prove it. Priests and pastors are leaving the towns and coming to the bush and they tell us about massacres and arrests. When one hundred people gather in a church these days, more than 20 are government informers. And if a priest or pastor says something that is politically incorrect, he will be arrested by morning. So people now are afraid to go to church, where they are vulnerable, and they meet instead in small groups. Of course, this sort of repression only engenders more resistance.

Q: What about reports that the MPLA has been shipping children from Angola to Cuba for political education and work in the sugar cane fields?

JS: They are true. The MPLA has two objectives. The first is to compensate Cuba for the loss in labor manpower because of its troop commitments in Angola. The second is gradually to mold a new Angolan generation in the image of the Cuban revolution, to provide the MPLA with a greater power base among the people. These children are now on Pine Island.

Q: How many children are we talking about?

JS: Over 6,000.

Q: Are these children taken from the UNITA areas exclusively?

JS: The majority are taken from UNITA areas, but there are some from the Luanda region also. This particular program is designed as a form of political repression—the areas where resistance to the MPLA is strongest are those areas from which they take the most children. My attention was brought to this problem in 1977 when I was in Dakar. A friend of mine showed me a picture taken by some of the technicians who worked in Luanda. A ship had come to Angola full of arms for the MPLA, but it was going back full of people. Who were they? I didn't know. So I spent two months investigating it and that was how I found out that children were being shipped to Pine Island.

Q: You have been involved in the struggle now for 20 years. What kind of an effect



has it had on you and your family? What kind of life is being led by the children who have been brought up without ever knowing peace?

JS: The revolution is a call that you cannot run away from. I cannot really point to the exact day I decided to join, but I was fortunate that my father worked on the Benguela Railroad. He told me of the suffering he had seen and through his eyes I saw it too. My father was a very astute man. Whenever possible, he sent me back home to the bush to see my grandfather. He said that if I did not fit in with the people in the bush, I was nothing at all, because I would never be a Portuguese.

My family has suffered a great deal. My father died in jail after five years of im-

prisonment. My mother, who is still alive, told my sister and myself that he never complained. Before he died, he told my mother that he always agreed with what I was doing and that I should never give up. And when we defeated the Portuguese in 1974, I went to my father's grave and stood over it and told my father that we had won, and that the suffering, the pain, and the struggle had not been useless.

The war, my father's imprisonment and death—these things were very hard on my family, but these hardships drew us together and even today we are united. I think this story, which has been repeated a thousand times in a thousand other families, says something about the strength of the Angolan spirit. It is a source of great

confidence and great pride for me.

As for the children who were born after the start of the revolution, they are really our greatest hope, because they understand themselves in a way that no generation before them ever has. And they give us faith that the country we want to build will be shaped, if not by us, then by our children.

Q: How long can you keep this up? When will you win—if you win?

JS: There is no timetable in a guerrilla war like ours. But I can tell you that we are winning, and the Angolan people know it. And we will never give up.

Q: If you had to ask one thing from the American public, what would it be?

JS: Do not forget us. □

Stephen Miller

HUMAN RIGHTS IN FOREIGN POLICY: A SOVIET SUCCESS

As the West comes to accept the Soviet Union's definition of "human rights,"
the world grows less free and more impoverished.

If someone takes away your bread, he suppresses your freedom at the same time. But if someone seizes your freedom, rest assured, your bread is threatened, because it no longer depends on you and on your struggle, but on the pleasure of a master.

—Albert Camus, "Bread and Liberty"

During the last week in September, the Dirksen Senate Office Building was the scene of a unique American event: the third meeting of the International Sakharov Hearings to examine the status of human rights in the Soviet Union. The idea for such tribunals was first suggested by a group of prominent Soviet dissidents, including Andrei Sakharov, in an open appeal on February 14, 1974, the day Alexander Solzhenitsyn was exiled from the Soviet Union. The first two hearings were held in Copenhagen in 1975 and in Rome in 1977.

The hearings in Washington were rich in human drama. For four days both prominent dissidents and numerous émigrés from all walks of Russian life gave testimony to a distinguished panel that included Lane Kirkland, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Robert Conquest, Tom Stoppard, and Simon Wiesenthal. Yet for many of the

participants the hearings were a failure, because they received scant attention from the American press. According to one report, the participants "were livid with the Washington newspapers and national media for all but ignoring them." If, as Valery Chalidze (a prominent dissident who played a major role in the hearings) has said, "the most important contribution that can be made to the defense of human rights in any country is publicity," then the hearings did little to advance the cause of human rights throughout the world.

To some degree it is understandable that the American press did not think the hearings worth much attention. From the Soviet Union we have come to expect one story and one story only, the story of human suffering, and there may be a limit to the number of harsh tales we can bear to hear. But the organizers of the hearings did not want to belabor the obvious. Rather, they wanted to persuade Ameri-

cans in particular and the West in general of a point they find compelling: Human rights means civil rights, not economic and social rights. According to the dissidents, those who regard economic and social rights as equal in importance to civil rights not only undermine freedom throughout the world, they also make it more difficult for the masses of the world to avoid poverty, starvation, disease, and neglect.

"Why have we gathered here," Valery Chalidze asked on the opening day of the hearings, "to discuss human rights in the Soviet Union?" Why not, he asked, discuss the status of human rights in other countries, where people are shot without trials or are dying of starvation? It was appropriate, Chalidze said, to focus on the Soviet Union because of that country's "role in formulating and propagating the ideological justification for human rights violations." According to Chalidze, the Soviet Union has "used the full might of its propaganda apparatus to convince people that they need not those rights which a person endowed with common sense wants but some other sort of rights discovered by Communists." The Soviet Union maintains, Chalidze said, that "economic and social rights take precedence over civil rights." And the dismaying fact is that "this thesis has been adopted by the governments of many developing countries and has even begun to influence inter-



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national law." The hearings, then, constituted a plea to the West not to lose faith in the overriding importance of civil rights by falling prey to the insidious notion that in "developing" nations civil rights can be dispensed with in order to ensure that so-called economic and social rights are quickly met.

The theme of the hearings was appropriate, since many Western leaders and intellectuals have gone halfway toward meeting the Soviet Union's understanding of human rights. Willy Brandt, the former Chancellor of West Germany, has argued that the West should not apply its standards in countries where satisfying "social human rights" takes precedence over respect for individual rights. Secretary of State Vance and President Carter have also put economic and social rights on a par with civil rights. In a speech on human rights and foreign policy in 1977, Vance defined human rights by saying that "First, there is the right to be free from governmental violation of the integrity of the person.... Second, there is the right to the fulfillment of such vital needs as food, shelter, health care, and education.... [And] third, there is the right to enjoy civil and political liberties." And in a speech in 1978, President Carter said that "hunger, disease, and poverty are enemies of human potential as relentless as any repressive government."

The arguments of Brandt, Vance, and Carter are persuasive to many well-meaning people. "He whose life is exposed to sheer misery," Brandt has recently said, "can take only a minor interest in... civil rights." For starving people, it would seem, civil rights are a hopeless luxury. People mired in poverty need food, clothing, shelter—not the right to vote, due process, habeas corpus, freedom of the press. Only a fool would argue that if a starving man were given the choice between a steady supply of food and civil rights he would choose the latter.

But the necessitous man never faces such a stark choice. He is not asked to give

up his civil rights; his civil rights are taken from him by governments that proclaim they are building a society in which economic and social rights will be ensured. Repressive governments, especially those of the Marxist-Leninist variety, continually argue that they are taking care of "the people"—that they are meeting or striving to meet what Vance calls "such vital needs as food, shelter, health care, and education." But these very same regimes make sure that no one can question their claims. Lacking civil rights, the citizens of such regimes cannot say, "You are not really giving us what you promised." Moreover, although there is no necessary connection between a respect for civil rights and advances in the economic and social well-being of a country's citizens, we do know that in the twentieth century those regimes that say they provide, as the Soviet Constitution of 1977 says, "genuine rights"—that is, economic and social rights—for their people by and large have wreaked untold economic and social misery upon them.

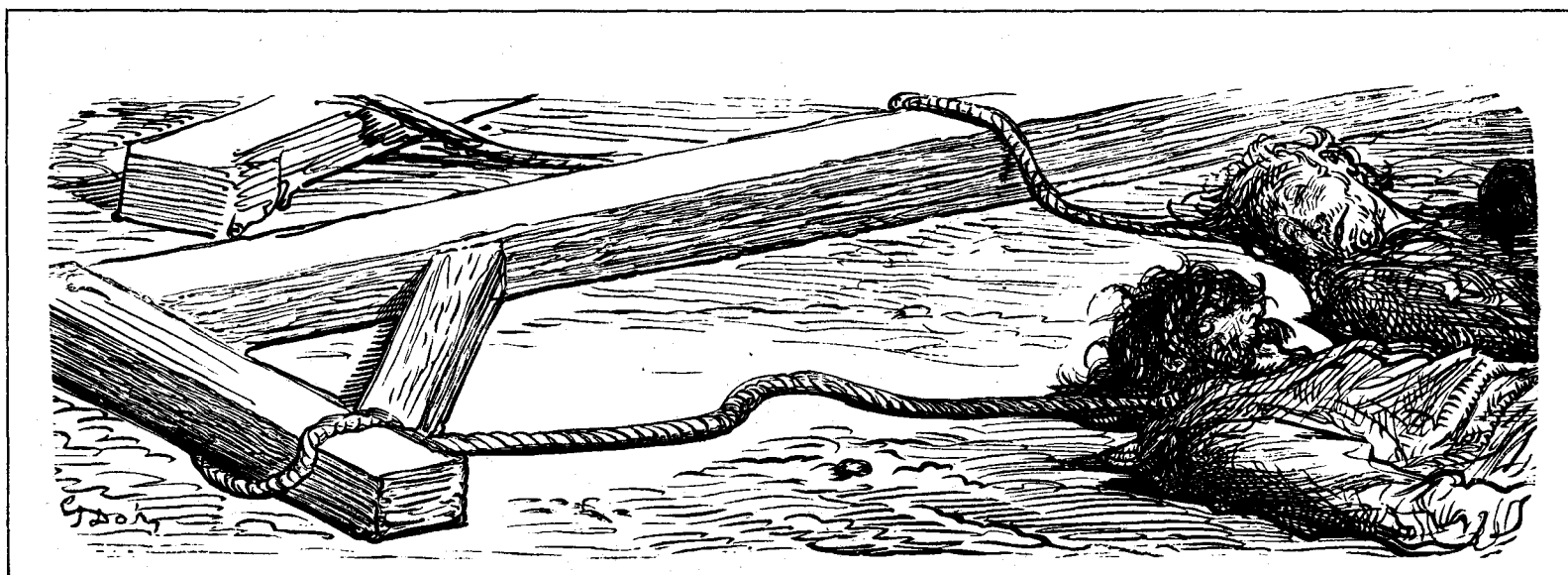
The interpretation of human rights offered by the Russian dissidents is one that some Westerners would support. In an article entitled "Are Economic Rights 'Human Rights?'" the late Charles Frankel argued that "a more restricted use of the phrase 'human rights'... would serve... the cause of liberty better, and it would probably do more to promote economic and social progress in the world at large." But Frankel and the Russian dissidents are definitely swimming against the current. The documents collected in a very useful new anthology, *The Human Rights Reader*,* show that in the last 30 years the notion of economic and social rights has come to be accepted by the international community, becoming gospel, in fact, in the halls of the United Nations. The United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948), a five-page document that

* Edited by Walter Laqueur and Barry Rubin, New American Library, \$6.95.

mentions the word "rights" 52 times, categorizes an extraordinary variety of things as rights, including the following: "Parents shall have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children." And, as if to affirm its expanded idea of human rights, the United Nations in 1966 drew up two separate covenants on human rights: one on "economic, social and cultural rights," the other on "civil and political rights."

The UN's monitoring of these covenants has been grotesquely selective. By its accounts, only Chile, South Africa, and Israel have consistently violated human rights. But the covenants themselves—not simply the monitoring of them—may be said to have undermined human rights, for they come close to endorsing a notion of human rights adumbrated by Marx and spelled out by Lenin. During the transition from capitalism to Communism, Lenin said, the vanguard of the proletariat has the right to restrict the liberty of those it regards as "the oppressors, the exploiters, the capitalists." A similar notion appears in one covenant: "the ideal of free human beings enjoying freedom from fear and want can only be achieved if conditions are created whereby everyone may enjoy his economic, social and cultural rights, as well as his civil and political rights." After Lenin's vituperations, this passage sounds bland, but the language enables a state to argue that in order to "create the conditions" for the fulfillment of economic, social, and cultural rights, it must temporarily—states rarely say permanently—suspend civil and political rights.

The UN's recognition of both "economic, social and cultural rights" and "civil and political rights" constitutes a triumph for the Soviet Union, for its constitution stresses that civil rights are guaranteed only insofar as they do not obstruct the building of Communism. Moreover, the covenants constitute a defeat for the liberal democracies of the West, for they enable repressive regimes to argue that the liberal democracies are doing nothing to achieve one batch of rights (economic, social, and cultural) whereas



they themselves are only temporarily suspending one batch of rights (civil and political) in order to achieve a society where both kinds of rights will flourish. Furthermore, such a balance sheet, with economic, social, and cultural rights on one side and civil and political rights on the other, enables the leaders of Marxist-Leninist regimes to say that the people in the liberal democracies of the West only have more civil rights because they have fewer economic and social rights.

Many Westerners have been taken in by the Soviet Union's claims that there is a trade-off between economic and social rights and civil rights, for many Westerners believe that though life is bad in the Soviet Union for dissenting intellectuals, it is certainly much better for the average worker. What many Westerners refuse to grasp is that the Soviet Union's interpretation of human rights has grievously affected the economic and social condition not only of dissenting intellectuals, but also of the ordinary Soviet worker.

The testimony at the hearings made it abundantly clear that the life of a Soviet worker is nasty, brutish, and relatively short. He must work long hours in generally poor working conditions for low wages. After work, he must spend a good deal of his time waiting in line for essential items. And what he can finally buy with his wages is by Western standards miserable: a very limited range of foods and poor-quality clothes, household items, furniture, etc. Two years ago the *New York Times* ran a story about an émigré worker who pointed exultantly to a tin of cookies, a bowl of apples, a large candy bar, and a bowl of grapefruit and oranges that were on his coffee table. "In Russia," he said, "there are people who go twenty-five years without seeing this." Most dissidents would probably say that 25 years was incorrect; he should have said a lifetime, for the Soviet government believes in devoting most of its money and energies to defense, not consumer goods. The Soviet leaders have access to special stores where they can indulge their taste for Western goods, but they do not believe in giving the average Soviet citizen a chance to develop a taste for "consumerism," to use a term popular with Western intellectuals of a socialist bent.

And if the Soviet worker protests? Builders of Communism are not allowed to protest. Article 50 of the Soviet Constitution says that citizens "shall be guaranteed freedom of speech, press, assembly, meetings, street processions, and demonstrations" only "in conformity with the interests of the working people and for the purpose of strengthening the socialist system." Who determines the interests of the working people? The Communist Party, of course. Workers who complain about their economic and social conditions are considered "anti-social," and are

usually fired from their jobs. But in the Soviet Union everyone has a "right" to a job, which means that if a citizen does not have a job it is his own fault and he will be prosecuted for parasitism, a designation that several dissidents at the hearings, including Andrei Amalrik, spoke about from firsthand knowledge. As a parasite, he will probably be sent to a forced labor camp, where it is official state policy to give prisoners a diet that does not meet their average daily requirements. "The main thing I have heard from those who have been imprisoned," Chalidze said in *To Defend These Rights*, "is complaints about hunger." Since slow starvation has been an instrument of Soviet internal policy, it is not surprising that the Soviet Union has recently refused to use its influence on its satellite Vietnam, which controls Cambodia, to allow shipments of food to reach the starving Cambodians.

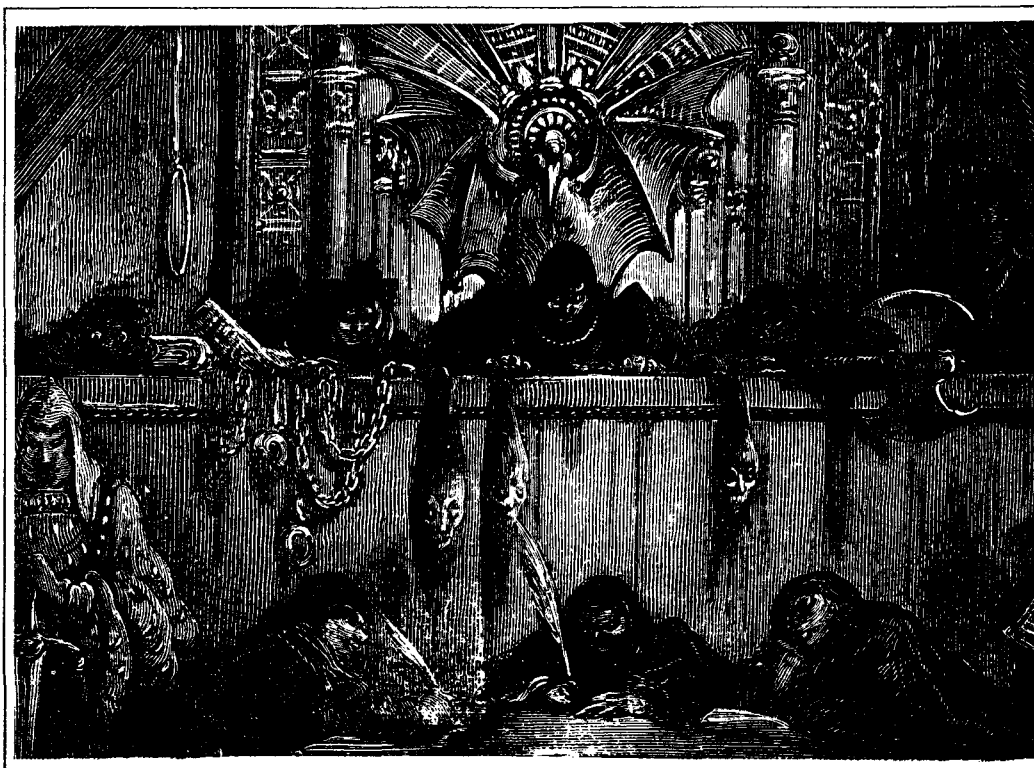
According to the dissidents, then, the people of the Soviet Union are exploited precisely because they lack civil rights. "We have learned," Chalidze said, "that fundamental freedoms are as necessary for workers as for intellectuals." The dissidents ask us to cast a cold eye on all those regimes that proclaim their devotion to economic and social rights. As Vladimir Bukovsky put it in his autobiography: "The pampered Western democracies have forgotten their past and their essence, namely that democracy is not a comfortable house, a handsome car, or an unemployment benefit, but above all the ability and the desire to stand up for one's rights," by which he means civil rights. "We who were born and have grown up in an atmosphere of terror," Bukovsky said, "know of only one remedy—the position of a citizen."

By "the position of a citizen" the dissidents mean something close to Locke's

notion of citizenship. According to Kenneth Minogue, whose essay "The History of the Idea of Human Rights" appears in *The Human Rights Reader*, Locke implies that "everyone has a property in his own person. Property and personhood are conceptually yoked together, and government is a trust whose duty it is to regulate and protect the enjoyment of these rights." The citizen thus protects himself from the state not only by owning property, but also by being himself a kind of property—something that the state cannot trespass against. In their defense of property and civil rights, the Founding Fathers were descendants of Locke. Every man, Madison said, had a "right to his property" and a "property in his rights." The dissidents want every Soviet citizen to have, as it were, a "property in his rights."

But they are under no illusions about their ability to change the nature of the Soviet regime. The dissidents know that the future of human rights in the Soviet Union is grim. The regime will not allow Soviet citizens to question its own understanding of human rights. Moreover, the Soviet authorities have made it clear that they will not tolerate any attempts to monitor the Helsinki accords. All those Soviet citizens who formed groups to monitor the treaty, which encourages "individuals [not governments] to know and act upon their rights," have been crushed. Yuri Orlov, the Soviet physicist who was chairman of the Helsinki monitoring group in Moscow, was recently sentenced to seven years in a strict-regimen labor camp and five years of internal exile. His fate is similar to that of many other people in the Soviet Union who formed monitoring groups.

The dissidents, however, have not given up hope, for they do think that publicity undermines the Soviet Union's pretensions to being a regime that is intent on improving the economic and social condition of



the worker. Therefore they must be sorely disappointed that the hearings attracted so little attention in the United States. At the least, they must have thought, the hearings would make the current administration aware of the dangers of trying to accommodate itself to so-called progressive regimes, a policy that can only undermine civil rights in the world and thus ultimately hurt the world's poor. Why, the dissidents probably wondered, has not the current administration proudly defended its own heritage, acknowledging the pre-eminent importance of civil rights?

The answer, in part, is guilt. Insofar as the notion of the failure of American nerve means anything, it means that many intellectuals, journalists, and policy-makers feel that the United States in the past did too little to advance the cause of economic and social rights in the world. Perhaps

guilt, then, has led the current administration, as Jeane Kirkpatrick recently said, to exhibit "a posture of continuous self-abasement and apology vis-à-vis the Third World," trying to ingratiate itself with all manner of regimes that say they are for "the people."

American leaders and intellectuals may feel guilty, but Russian dissidents argue that they have nothing to feel guilty about. It is strange and sad to realize that Russian dissidents have become the most eloquent defenders of the values of liberal democracy. Only they seem to be certain that without civil rights people have only the slightest chance of bettering themselves. The dissidents, of course, do not think that poverty is nonexistent in the Western democracies, but they know—and argue—that in such countries journalists are free to point out such conditions, and freely elected legislators are able to deliberate about the best way of addressing them.

The hearings were a media failure, I suspect, because many Americans find the message of the dissidents embarrassing and discomforting. They believe the dissidents are entitled to compassion and even admiration, but they also believe that the dissidents are men whose suffering has made them unreasonable and therefore not worthy of being taken seriously. The dissidents, on their part, must be puzzled and somewhat contemptuous of Americans, who show so little interest in understanding a question that affects America's standing in the world. Unlike many Americans, the dissidents know, as Tocqueville said, that "despotism often presents itself as the repairer of all the ills suffered, the supporter of just rights, defender of the oppressed, and founder of order." Or, to put it another way, the dissidents know that despotism often presents itself as the fulfiller of economic and social rights. □

Ferdinand Mount

THE IRA AND THE BARROOMS OF AMERICA

Many Irish-Americans think the IRA represents
an acceptable political solution to the troubles in Northern Ireland.
But the IRA today is essentially red, not green.

So far, up to the day I write, 1,969 men, women, and children have been killed in the troubles in Northern Ireland. The troubles have been going on for ten years now and the rate of killing has diminished only slightly in the last 18 months. Even those figures may not sound extraordinary in a century hardened to huge statistics of violent death. But for a small place like Northern Ireland, with a total population of one and a half million, it is the equivalent of four times the number of American deaths in Vietnam.

At present, Britain has approximately 13,000 troops stationed in Northern Ireland, a large proportion of her shrunken forces. As a result, Britain's NATO forces on the Rhine are perilously overstretched and the troops themselves suffer something like battle fatigue after the third or fourth tour of duty in Northern Ireland. The cost of this military commitment is about \$170 million a year. To this must be added the other costs to the British taxpayer of repairing damage to people and property in Belfast and of maintaining

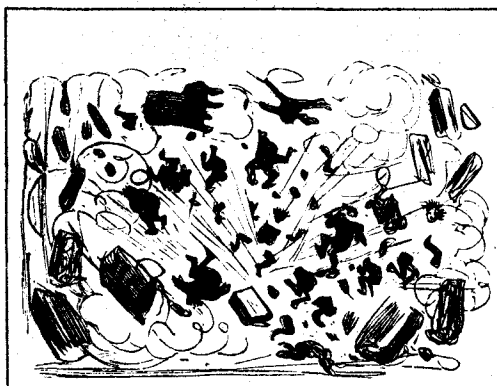
standards of life and welfare in the province, costs amounting to about \$1.8 billion a year. For a hard-pressed economy like Britain's, suffering from congenital overspending by government, this is a considerable burden.

It is hard for a British writer to write dispassionately about Northern Ireland, and almost as hard for an American audience, let alone an Irish-American audience, to accept that he is trying to write dispassionately—or perhaps "in good faith" would be a better phrase. Which is why I begin with the statistics, to

convey some idea of the cost in blood and treasure to the entire British Isles.

If there were an easy solution that could be adopted, even with some small degree of dishonor or some further minimum loss of life, Britain would have adopted it years ago. If the British government, Labour or Tory, thought it could withdraw the troops or begin to withdraw the troops or announce a date for withdrawing the troops, it would have done so, just as it has withdrawn troops from, and resigned authority over, British colonies and dominions.

The Irish Republican Army contends that Northern Ireland is just such another colony and that British obstinacy will eventually be overcome there as it was elsewhere. This view presupposes that Britain retains one last inflection of imperialism and that there lies hidden within the British soul some ineradicable desire to rule over the Irish until the end of time. This illusion is perhaps excusable. For 800 years, until 1921, the English ruled the Irish, usually incompetently, sometimes cruelly, and almost always negligently. It would not be surprising if there did linger some irrational domineering streak in British attitudes, other things being equal.



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But other things are not equal. Britain conceded independence to the Irish Republic more than 50 years ago; this independence would have extended to the whole island of Ireland if the Protestants had not resisted. The British did not wish for partition any more than did the Irish nationalists. The hurried compromise by which the six northeastern counties of Ireland were accommodated within the United Kingdom (but under a separate though subordinate parliament at Stormont) is open to criticism and even regret. It left no side contented and it may well be argued that it provided a potential source of further conflict.

But then, as now, criticism and regret are incomplete without consideration of the alternatives. The civil war that did take place in the South between supporters and opponents of the 1921 Treaty cost as many lives in a few months as the present troubles in the North have cost in ten years. If an attempt had been made to force the Protestants into a united Ireland at that time, the bloodshed would undoubtedly have been infinitely worse. To put it in graphic terms, the Catholic families of Belfast and Derry would have had to choose between fleeing to the South or being murdered in their homes. From the smoking ruins, the chances are that a fortified sectarian Protestant state would have emerged.

The consequences of the partition that did take place came slowly but ineluctably. In the South, the nonsectarian liberal tradition of Irish nationalism (which took its authority from a long line of Protestant heroes, such as Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and Parnell) gradually became less conspicuous. The anti-Treaty leaders, most notably De Valera, were reabsorbed into the mainstream of Irish politics. The 1937 constitution declared the national territory to be "the whole island of Ireland, its islands and the territorial seas" and recognized "the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church." The Protestant minority dwindled to about 5 percent of the Southern population, not because Protestants tended to emigrate more than Catholics or because they were treated unfairly in any way—which they most definitely were not—but because many Protestant families were content to accept the Catholic ruling that in mixed marriages children must be brought up as Catholics.

These developments, unavoidable though they may have been, could only increase the suspicions of Northern Protestants and make their voluntary acceptance of a united Ireland ever less likely. The aspirations towards unity of most Northern Catholics were hence increasingly regarded as signs of "disloyalty" and were claimed by the Protestant majority to justify the most blatant acts of discrimination in employment and housing.

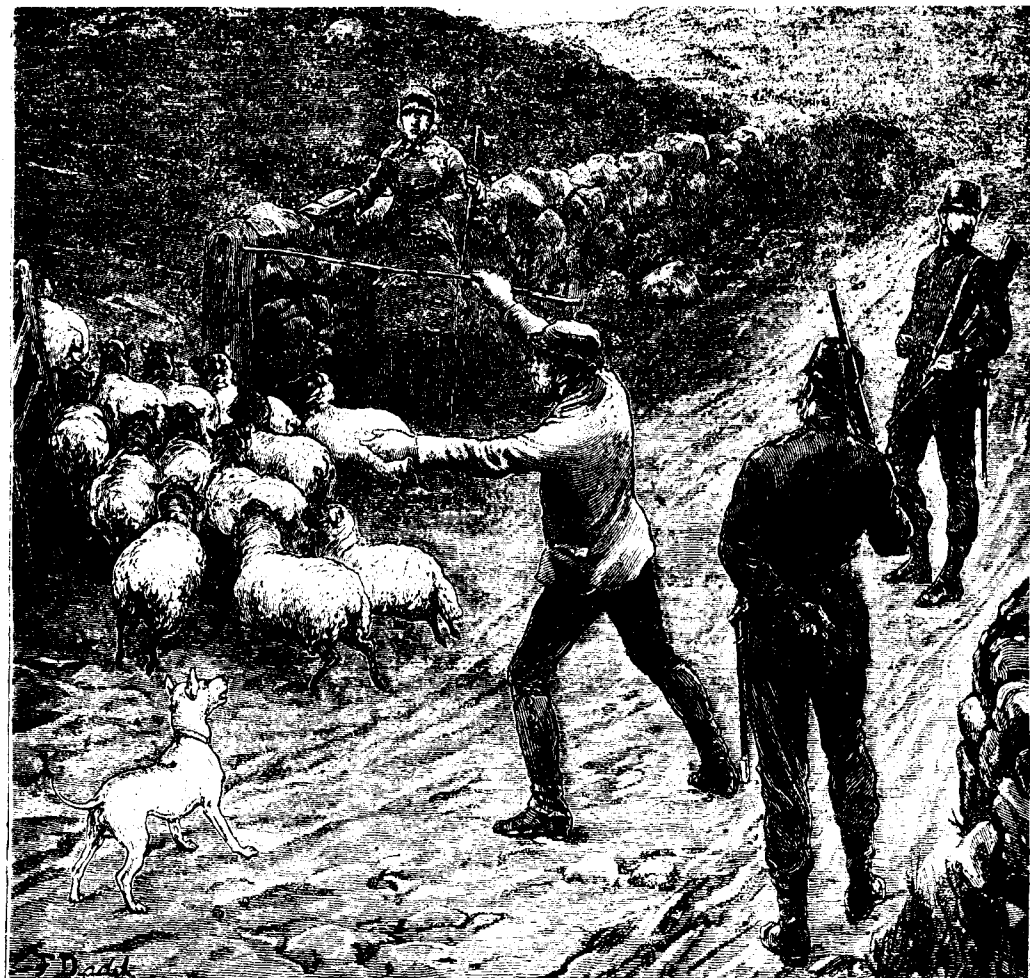
The British government had, for 30 or 40 years, slothfully turned a blind eye to the discriminatory character of the regime at

Stormont, although it was quite alien to the law and custom of mainland Britain. And it was agitation from within, by liberal Northern Protestants—outward-looking businessmen, upper-class Ulstermen with English connections, and students—that responded to and joined in the Catholic clamor for civil rights. The British governments of the 1960s eagerly encouraged these moves. But demonstrations turned into riots and riots into bloodshed, partly through the spontaneous combustion of sectarian fears, partly through the calculated engineering of the IRA and certain left-wing groups. The liberal phase ended. The British Army was sent in. Suspects were interned. And the grisly process began.

Two points ought to be plucked out from the confused story of the next decade. When the British troops arrived, they arrived to protect the Catholic population and were greeted as protectors. Although the troops subsequently became very unpopular in the Catholic areas, and have at times been abused, stoned, and shot at as members of an occupying force, the Catholics have never lost their fear of what would happen if the troops were pulled out. This is why opinion polls have consistently shown that the majority of Catholics, like the overwhelming majority of Protestants, think direct rule from London is the least bad way of governing Northern Ireland. That does not mean that many of them would not in their hearts prefer to live in a united Ireland; they just do not believe that it is possible at the moment.

There seems to be a similar distinction in the minds of the majority of Southern Catholics. They too would overwhelmingly like to see a united Ireland, but they are fearful that "the Northern problem" might spread throughout the island if the British troops were to withdraw. Mr. Jack Lynch, Prime Minister until December, and his party reflected both this continued aspiration to unity and the acceptance that the British troops cannot leave—although they were reluctant to say so too specifically.

Britain has tried to accommodate these contradictory feelings, most notably by the attempt to impose power-sharing between the Protestant and Catholic communities in the government of the North and by the development of an All-Ireland Council—both of which were swept away by a paralyzing general strike of Protestant workers in May 1974. Some of Britain's actions have been foolish, like the time when Mr. Whitelaw, the Northern Ireland Secretary, actually talked to the IRA, which horrified Dublin, which considers the IRA an illegal organization. Some have been tardy, like the breaking up of IRA control of Derry. Some have been brutal, like the shooting of demonstrators on Bloody Sunday and the use of harsh methods of interrogating suspects (though nowhere near as brutal as the totally unrestrained violence of the IRA). But it cannot be said that the British governments, both Labour and Tory, have not sought a political solution, or indeed have not tried hard to achieve some measure of agreement that might help to reduce the level of violence and the fears of both communities. But the least bad method of governing at present does seem



to be to administer the Province from London as equitably as possible, with the British government trying to maintain law and order by civilian methods as far as possible and reducing to a minimum the use of the British Army. At the same time, cautiously, very cautiously, the British government must begin to explore again the possibilities both of granting a limited measure of self-government, in a way which would not permit a renewal of Protestant domination, and of cooperating with the government of the Irish Republic. These are not heroic or exciting prospects, but they seem to be the best available—primarily for the Catholics of the North whose future is most at risk.

Which leaves us with the question: What can be done about the Provisional IRA? Until recently, British authorities would often speak of "beating" the IRA or of "getting on top of the gunmen." It was felt that the revolting cruelty, the extortion, and the appalling slaughter would eventually alienate the Catholic areas from even tacit sympathy for the IRA, with the result that the guerrillas would become, in Mao's image, fish without a sea to swim in. With cooperation on border security from the South, the guerrillas would also be cut off from their boltholes and base-camps.

It has not happened like that. True, the Catholic ghettos are desperately weary of the violence and there has been some co-operation on security, although the border is 270 miles long and the Irish security forces are short of men. But the real change is in the nature of the IRA. No longer does it rely primarily on an extended network of sympathizers. It has become a tightly organized, well-trained army deployed in small, independently operating service units of three or four men. British military intelligence suggests that the total number is no more than 500. The murder of Lord Mountbatten and the massacre of British soldiers at Warren-

point demonstrate how technologically advanced the IRA now is.

The IRA does not need men. What it needs are modern arms and money. The most recent estimate of the Provisional IRA's balance sheet—taken from a British military intelligence report captured by the IRA and made public—goes like this:

INCOME	
Theft in Ireland (principally from bank raids)	550,000 pounds
Racketeering (protection money, illegal businesses)	250,000 pounds
Overseas contributions (mostly from the United States)	120,000 pounds
Collections for prisoners	30,000 pounds
	950,000 pounds
EXPENDITURE	
Pay (wages to supplement British social security, on which most IRA gunmen live)	400,000 pounds
Travel and transport	50,000 pounds
Newspapers and propaganda	150,000 pounds
Prisoners' dependents' welfare	180,000 pounds
	780,000 pounds

Which leaves 170,000 pounds available for the purchase of arms, ammunition, and explosives.

Some experts believe that the contributions from the United States are considerably higher—quite enough to meet the IRA's entire bill for arms. If all the people of the British Isles have reason to be grateful for the continuing generosity of the American people in the rebuilding and defending of Western Europe, this is one kind of generosity we have reason to feel less grateful for.

This is the reality behind all the alarums and excursions of Hugh Carey, Tip O'Neill, Teddy Kennedy, and Jimmy Carter. Every time they represent the Irish problem as primarily a political problem to which there is a readily available political solution if only Britain would take it, they are adding authority to the IRA cause and dollars to the IRA coffers.

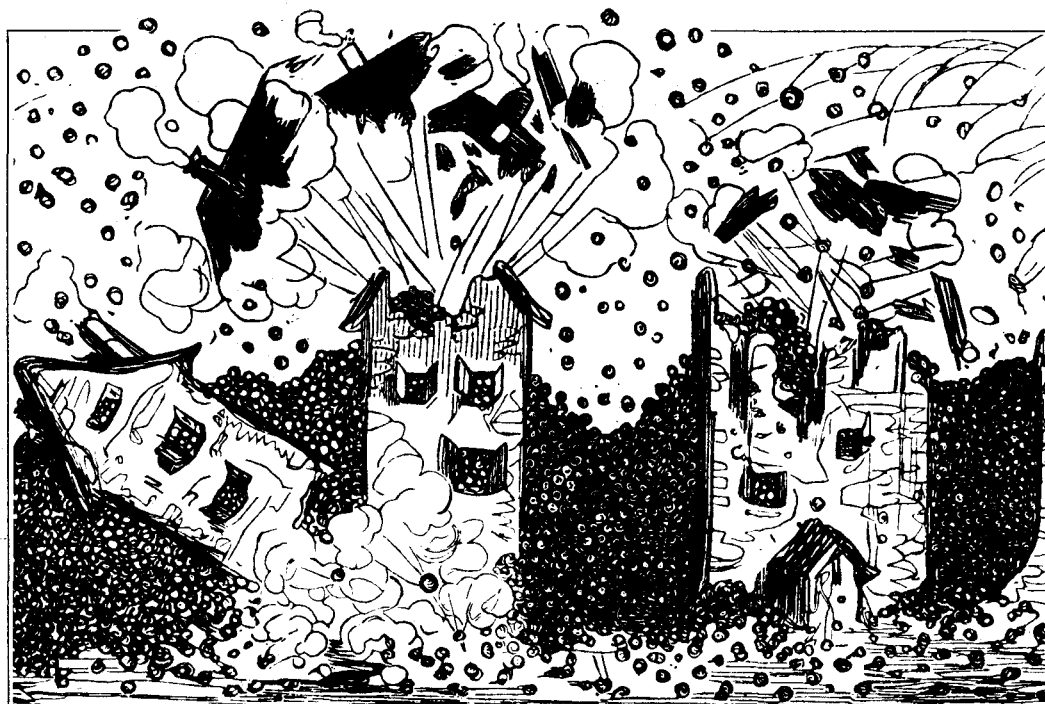
It would not be profitable, particularly for an outsider, to guess how much these interventions are due to the wish to tie up the Irish vote and how much they represent a sincere desire to try to help. I do not criticize the attachment to Irish origins as merely sentimental; nor do I underestimate the just sense of grievance which Irish-Americans have inherited from their great-grandparents who left Ireland after the Famine. It is right that those memories should die hard; Britain forgets too easily.

But if Irish-Americans do not wish to aid, however unwittingly, injustice and cruelty in the 1980s, they must come to understand that the only consequence of calling for a political initiative now is to strengthen the IRA and to undermine not only the British efforts to keep the peace, but also the stability of the regime in Dublin.

There is a final dimension to the development of the Provisional Irish Republican Army over the past few years. Throughout most of its history, the IRA has been an exclusively nationalist organization, in which socialists of various sorts joined in a common military effort with near-fascists and apolitical desperadoes; it was essentially green, not red. But of late, it has been increasingly permeated by Communists and other far-Left characters, a tendency emphasized by its links with terrorist organizations in other countries, with Colonel Quaddafi of Libya, and with one or two governments in Eastern Europe. The IRA's need for arms and explosives makes it likely that these links will continue and grow. Of course, the IRA represents and has the active sympathy of only a tiny minority of the Irish people, but it has not been unknown for a tiny minority to impose Marxist dictatorship by force of arms in the wake of a bloody civil war.

Most Irish-Americans may not yet be fully aware of this change in the IRA. That would not be surprising. Most people in Southern Ireland and in Britain have not taken it in yet either. The outsider's conception of any political movement tends to become fixed and to change only with difficulty. But there is no doubt that the Irish government is already extremely worried about the increasingly totalitarian-Marxist nature of the IRA.

It is often forgotten—in Britain no less than in the United States—that the IRA poses a threat to the whole island of Ireland, for it no more recognizes the government in Dublin than it recognizes the authority of Britain in Northern Ireland. The IRA in its new guise is dedicated to the destruction of the existing government and society in order to build a unified Irish socialist republic upon the corpses of thousands of Irish people, being moreover on the whole indifferent as to how many of the dead may be Protestants and how many Catholics. Most Irish-Americans might think that too high a price to pay for Irish unity. □



Andy Stark

PRODUCTION LOST

The epic progression of economics in America: wherein the descendants of Adam (Smith) succumb to the temptations of John Maynard Keynes, eat of the fruit of his General Theory, and fall from economic bliss—which bliss is restored decades later with the advent of the Redeemer, Milton Friedman. Truly, as "Miltonic" an epic as *Paradise Lost*.

BOOK I

For Man's first deficit, and the paper money 1*
Of that forbidden mint, whose mortal operators
Brought inflation into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of stability, till one greater economist
Restore us, and institute blissful monetarism,
Pay, beleaguered taxpayer!

Say first what cause 27
Moved our economists, in that happy state,
Where the Federal Reserve Bank issued at four percent, to fall off
From this rate, and to transgress the dictates of common sense,
To ignore restraint, and the advice of conservatives besides.
Who first seduced them to issue with no regard to real growth?

The rascal Keynes, he it was whose theory,
Stirred up with a depression and FDR, restructured
The economy of mankind, at which time his views
Separated him from the classical school, with all his host
Of rebel Cantabrigians, by whose aid he aspired
To set himself in glory above his peers.

Him the almighty status quo of Marshall's followers 44
At first attempted to hurl headlong from the ethereal realm of academe, down
To unpublished obscurity, there to sit,
Tenureless, on government commissions,
Disenabling him to theorize at all.

BOOK II

But Keynes, above whom no higher sat, 300
(For, in his time, he held a multitude of elevated positions),
Ensconced himself in an ivory tower;
Princely counsel in his face yet shone;
Sage he stood, the trust of mightiest governments soon to be his,
And to his minions spake:

"Must we renounce and recant, and, changing style, be called 312
Politicians? For the popular vote
Inclines to us, and gives us opportunity

* Line-number of the parallel passage in *Paradise Lost*. (Books V and VI correspond with Books IX and XI in Milton's original.)

Andy Stark is a graduate student in government at Harvard.

To test empirically our hypotheses.

There is a place, another country, the happy seat
Of some new race called Americans, about this time
To be created like to us, though less

345

In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above (God shed His grace on them).

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to aid
What creatures the Democrats there rule;

354

Many advantageous acts may be passed
By sudden onslaught of the Supreme Court
To o'ertake their creation (land, labor, and capital) for to repossess it
All as our own, and create deficits
To employ the puny habitants, and, if not drive,
Seduce them to the Democratic Party."

363

Thus, the adversary of Marshall and Ricardo,
Keynes, with his thoughts inflamed of hugest deficits
And government spending programs,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell—
That land of unemployment, depression, oligopoly, and increasing liabilities, America—
Speeds, to revulse the right-hand wing, but woo the left-hand then in power.

629

BOOK III

Now had the almighty father, Alfred Marshall, from above, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view,
Beholding about him all the sanctities of heaven, that blissful origin of the Phillips Curve,
And thus to his only son, Milton Friedman, spake:

56

"Seest thou that our adversary Keynes is all the rage,
Whom no bounds of austerity
Circumscribes, no restraint of cash on hand, nor all the chains
Of real wealth can hold, so bent he seems
Upon pursuing his own rebellious ideas? And now,
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Directly towards the New World
And the economists there placed, with purpose to essay
If their theories by force he can destroy
Or by some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For economists will hearken to his glozing lies,
And create the NRA, the TVA, the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill,
Medicare, 'fine-tuning,' and make-work programs
For decades to come."

80

But Milton Friedman,

In whom the fullness dwells of intellect sublime,
His dearest meditation thus to Marshall spake:

224

"In debt and undone is man, with no wealth to bring.

234

Behold me then; me for them, life for life,

I offer; on me let the responsibility fall

To straighten up the national accounts.

I, for economists' sake, will leave

Thy bosom, Chicago, and the writing of theoretical tomes which prove

There is no free lunch I shall put off, to combat,

Through research and practice, this new rage.
 I shall rise victorious and subdue 249
 This expansionary printing of money, and
 The inglorious government welfare programs,
 Wherein three hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been spent
 On a Pentagon study of the 'frisbee.' "

And Marshall replied: 273
 "Thou, therefore, whom only canst redeem their bonds, 281
 Go thyself amongst economists in America,
 Where interest to be paid on the national debt is fifty-seven thousand dollars per minute;
 By wondrous birth, renew the influence of Adam Smith,
 The head of all economists, such that,
 After this brief aberration of Keynesian theory,
 Good sense shall be restored, and the free market once again prevail:
 For an invisible hand, moving on the face of the earth,
 Shall prove wrong the upstart Keynes, and
 A finer strain of man's, 'laissez-faire,' which
 You will have implanted, shall once again take hold."

BOOK IV

So on Keynes fared; his ideas to the border came 131
 Of America, where scarcely a decade before in the twenties was Paradise:
 A land of high GNP, no foreclosures,
 And no rural-urban migration; where the Central Bank
 Issued at four percent, whose low interest rates,
 With plant capacity overgrown, and no government interference, caused a boom;
 Where stock prices soared, and, overhead easily acquired,
 Insuperable heights of loftiest dividends gained;
 A land where stagflation had been unknown,
 Taxes low, and unemployment unheard of;
 Where though depression and crash had come, yet 'twas merely
 A cyclical phenomenon, where prospects were
 Bright for business empires if only
 Common sense, stewardship, and restraint had prevailed.

BOOK V

This happy state, because now rudely interrupted by depression, 384
 Caused economists from Adam Smith's invisible hand their hands
 To withdraw, and like wood nymphs light,
 Gape, open, receptive, and temptable, for a new idea.
 For so glossed the tempter Keynes o'er problems, that 549
 Into the hearts and minds of the Treasury Department,
 And the economists at Harvard and Yale,
 His words made way: "Sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving treatise, 679
 Mother of the new economics, my 'General Theory' is
 Within me clear, and with it one can discern
 The causes of unemployment, and the ways around it.
 Read thereof; your models and forecasts seem so clear 706
 Yet are but dim; your parameters and analytic tools now murky
 Shall perfectly be then opened and cleared."

Thus, the rash hands of these economists 780

Forth reaching to the "General Theory," they picked it up and read.
 America felt the resultant tumult, and the politicians from their seats
 Passed new legislation, and, with profligate spending, incurred new debts,
 Till all wealth was lost. The economists,
 Intent now wholly on the incredible monetary resurgence, naught else
 Regarded; such wealth till then it seemed
 In the economy had ne'er been tasted, whether true,
 Or (which was the case) fancied so, and expectations high and inflationary ensued;
 Greed for tax dollars, and no restraint,
 No frugality, but spending past global satiation, caused them to forget
 That 'twould all have to be payed for one day.

Soon that fallible treatise, 1046
 That exhilarated politicians bland and brought them to power,
 Made err, and in ensuing decades came
 Encumbering expenditures, incremented annually,
 Government-funded studies, welfare, no-fault insurance,
 And swaths of paper money printed.
 O! Such was the fall from Paradise.

BOOK VI

So asked economists of the fallen seventies of the archeconomist Milton: 466
 "Our inflation is infinite, our unemployment immense.

How can we many goods produce,
 And have instability turn to stability?"

"Be sure it will," replied Milton. "But from Chicago 485
 We to you a comforter will send:

Monetarism; a theory which, combined with
 The spirit of frugality and the law of self-reliance, with all men
 Working with entrepreneurial ardor, will succeed, with
 No guidelines, no make-work,
 No welfare, nor the irresistible drive
 To print money to quench the fiery demands of Congress.
 Monetarism will stand against them, not afraid
 To insist that laziness ought not be recompensed.
 And no more shall Congress send,
 To evangelize the nations, money to those not
 Baptized in the religion of Democracy,
 Nor with wondrous gifts them endow.

"Thus Keynes' doctrines, and the stories written by the Left, 506
 They die, and in their room are placed

The incentive of lucre, ambition, truth, and tradition. 574
 And all written records shall be balanced.

Thus, having learned and balanced the sums,
 Hope no higher, nor raise expectations,
 Nor be dictated to by the scribblings of madmen who hear voices in the ether;
 And all the riches of the world wilt thou enjoy. Thus add
 Deeds to the knowledge I have thee provided;
 Add frugality, restraint, and responsibility; then wilt thou be loath
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far." □

Eugene H. Methvin

"DOMESTIC SPYING": THE CONSTITUTIONAL IMPERATIVE

The proposed FBI charter would give every terrorist one free blast.

In 1975 a Federal Bureau of Investigation informant assigned to infiltrate the "Black Guerrilla Family," a terrorist group closely linked with the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnappers of Patty Hearst, caught wind of a chilling plot. BGF members were talking of kidnapping Governor Jerry Brown's sister and holding her hostage until the governor freed the two SLA killers serving life sentences for murdering Oakland's black school superintendent, Dr. Marcus Foster.

Instantly, the FBI tipped the Los Angeles police. They threw a 24-hour guard around the governor's sister and her family, and mounted a tight surveillance on six suspected plotters whose prison records included sentences for murder, rape, and kidnapping. An all-out investigation eventually produced sufficient evidence to arrest the ringleaders on unrelated criminal charges.

This was "preventive intelligence" at its best. Through the years, the FBI's domestic intelligence operations have aborted many such terrorist plots. Yet these successes have been overshadowed and forgotten in a drumfire of news media and congressional criticism of "government spying." In September 1977 the chairmen of two important Senate committees overseeing intelligence, Senators Frank Church and Edward Kennedy, called for new legal restrictions that would end all such FBI intelligence investigations: "No American should be investigated unless the Bureau has probable cause to believe that a crime has been, is being or is about to be committed," they declared. "The public record is devoid of any evidence that intelligence investigations are an effective tool in protecting the public from terrorist violence." That these committee chairmen could make such a demonstrably erroneous claim and go unchallenged is a measure of the unrealism in Washington over "government spying." Consider these episodes revealed in the published reports of

Senator Church's own Select Committee to Study Intelligence Activities:

- In September 1974 Japanese Emperor Hirohito paid a state visit to the United States. An FBI file check on press-pass applicants turned up disturbing secret informant reports about one. The applicant, a Japanese-American woman living in Los Angeles, had been closely associated with the violent American Indian Movement and had been in touch with the Black Panther Party. Further investigation showed that her next-door neighbor, another young radical woman, had recently acquired two "assassination special" automatic pistols plus a powerful military rifle. The gun-buyer had then moved to New York, where Hirohito was scheduled to make several public appearances. Two informants strategically placed within extremist organizations reported to the Bureau that there was indeed a plot afoot to assassinate the Emperor. Hours before his New York appearances, federal authorities raided the terrorists' apartment and found a cache of illegal weapons. To avoid identifying the informants and ending their usefulness, the Justice Department prosecuted the two occupants on firearms charges in lieu of pressing an assassination conspiracy case.

- In June 1974 two FBI informants at a

meeting of a white hate group in New Jersey learned that a Klan activist planned a bombing in an unidentified city. Further investigation revealed that he had collected diagrams of the sewer and water systems of Washington, D.C., and had targeted the Internal Revenue Service headquarters. He and a number of associates were caught redhanded with an arsenal of weapons and chemical explosive components, and were put behind bars.

- In June 1970 an FBI informant within the Black Panther Party warned of a planned ambush on Detroit police, and named the designated attackers. On the appointed day, two unseen snipers riddled a police cruiser with armor-piercing bullets. Miraculously, the two officers were only wounded. Police caught the would-be killers with their weapons when they returned to their nearby residence—and sent them away with long prison terms. Three other named Panthers scouting another section of Detroit for a diversionary target were nailed with illegal weapons in hand, convicted, and sent to jail.

Intelligence operations of the sort that thwarted these three plots would be impossible under the restrictions Senators Kennedy and Church now urge Congress to write into law in order to stop "government spying." As one intelligence official recently warned, "We are in some instances attempting to cure a sore throat by decapitating the patient."

Indeed, the FBI's domestic intelligence operations have already been virtually destroyed. Under Attorney General Edward Levi's 1976 guidelines, pending investigations were slashed in two years from 9,814 to 642, and the number of special agents assigned dropped from 788 to 143. Instead, more than 500 agents were transferred to doling out FBI files under the Freedom of Information Act—allowing outsiders to identify informants, at least one of whom was later murdered by Mafia gangsters. And since 1976 the number of domestic intelligence informants has been cut from 1,100 to fewer than 50. The fall-off



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in intelligence has been so severe that the Secret Service director has warned Congress that there is now growing doubt about his agency's ability to protect the President, Vice President, and visiting heads of state.

When Mark Rudd, an original Weather Underground organizer, surrendered in 1977 after seven years on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list, the Carter Justice Department did not even call him before a grand jury to be questioned about the 1971 bombing of the U.S. Capitol or the support apparatus that helped him and his fellow terrorists evade the FBI for so long. At the time, Attorney General Griffin Bell had a dozen lawyers pursuing top FBI officials who had authorized electronic surveillance and surreptitious break-ins against the Socialist Workers Party. Not a single agent was assigned to investigate the Weather Underground itself.

When newsmen asked in 1977 how a band of Hanafi Muslims could seize 110 hostages in three buildings within blocks of the White House, they got a simple answer: An informant within the group had been withdrawn to appease political critics of "government spying."

In this atmosphere Congress is now moving to write into law a "charter" that would further restrict the FBI's domestic intelligence and anti-terrorist activities. Many of the charter's advocates are still reacting against the abominable excesses of J. Edgar Hoover. But as the Senate Select Committee to Study Intelligence Activities rightly concluded, "The excesses of the past do not justify depriving the United States of a clearly defined and effectively controlled domestic intelligence capability." In other words, our concern for individual privacy and political freedom must be balanced against the need for effective intelligence about terrorist conspiracies which threaten the rights of everyone.

Indeed, the delicacy of the intelligence task springs from the unprecedented nature of 20th-century extremist movements operating on the principle "Kill one, frighten ten million." Declared Leon Trotsky, "No underground group can function without a screen of sympathizers." To penetrate the screen requires intelligence of a surgical precision that can be obtained

only with the full arsenal of modern clandestine operations: informant networks, electronic surveillance, covert action. If it is to give the FBI that capability, Congress must address itself to several important questions about domestic intelligence, lest it enact a charter that, like the draft now being debated, would emasculate the FBI in the name of civil liberty.

1. *Whom do we watch?* For 60 years American legislators and Supreme Court Justices have struggled with this problem. The Justices have refused to allow legislatures and courts to *jail* advocates of violence for "mere words" until they present "a clear and present danger" or an "imminent threat of lawless action." Yet, to apply such stringent criminal formulas to prohibit merely *watching* the radical milieu in which extremists grow and organize means that, as one judge pointed out, "we give every terrorist one free blast." So the courts have repeatedly overruled civil libertarians' claims that the mere existence of a governmental data-gathering and "spy" apparatus "chills" free speech and political activity. As Justice Thurgood Marshall said in upholding FBI informant penetration of the Socialist Workers Party: "Our abhorrence for abuse of governmental investigative authority cannot be permitted to lead to an indiscriminate willingness to enjoin undercover investigation of any nature, whenever a countervailing First Amendment claim is raised."

Yet the Carter administration's draft charter goes a long way toward doing just that. It largely accepts the "criminal standard" sought by the American Civil Liberties Union and its congressional allies. The charter would permit investigation only after the FBI already has "facts or circumstances that reasonably indicate" a group or person has engaged in criminal activity.

Consider how this "criminal standard" would cripple law enforcement. On September 22, 1977, terrorists murdered a prominent San Juan labor lawyer in his own home. The killers distributed clandestine "press releases" proclaiming the victim was "condemned to death and executed by Labor Commandoes" for "crimes against the working class." On one such communiqué police found a single fingerprint. Tracing it was impossible—until an FBI analyst studied files on Puerto Rican

extremists based on informants' reports and made up a list of 400 possible suspects. The print was quickly traced to militant Teamsters Union organizer Miguel Cabrera, who more than four years previously had quit as too mild the Cuban-financed Puerto Rico Socialist Party. Then witnesses to the killing identified a photograph, and Cabrera and two others were arrested and tried on murder charges. A jury found them not guilty last March—but since their arrests the "Labor Commandoes" have not been heard from since. As literally scores of criminal cases demonstrate, such "intelligence" files based on informants' reports are crucial to stopping terrorist campaigns as soon as they begin, if not before. The December attack on a U.S. Navy bus in Puerto Rico, which killed two, underlines the point. Yet that kind of general background intelligence has not been collected since Levi's guidelines were imposed in 1976.

The open society's predicament in the face of terrorism is symbolized by the infamous snapshot of President Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, proudly holding his sniper-rifle in one hand and the Trotskyite Communist newspaper the *Militant* in the other. The social fact of 20th-century extremism is that violent words tend to produce violent deeds. People who don sheets or swastikas or proclaim themselves "Marxist-Leninist" espouse genocidal philosophies that have produced millions of dead in this century. Does not this historical record present reasonable "probable cause" at least to *watch* such groups?

2. *What about electronic surveillance?* Due to congressional inaction, the U.S. government for the past six years has been denied the ability to use bugs and wiretaps for intelligence against domestic terrorists. In 1972 the Supreme Court required, for the first time, prior judicial authorization for all such surveillances of strictly domestic terrorist groups. At the same time, the Justices urged Congress to enact a law establishing more lenient standards for such court orders than those applied to criminal warrants, in order to meet the special needs of intelligence-gathering. Not until last year did Congress act. By a narrow margin, the legislators passed a bill permitting warrants to be issued under less stringent standards for surveillance of *foreign* spies and terrorists; incredibly, however, that bill failed to authorize equal coverage of the domestic variety, so that the stricter criminal warrant criteria remain in place. Does it matter to American citizens whether the bomb or bullet that kills them is aimed by a Palestinian or Ku Kluxer, by domestic or international terrorists?

3. *What role should informants play?* In 1977 Attorney General Bell found himself deciding whether to let FBI agents teach would-be assassins how to shoot. Two FBI agents, posing for four and seven years as disgruntled Vietnam veterans, penetrated



the Weather Underground and met fugitive radicals who taught them how to make bombs. In return, the terrorists demanded that the "veterans" show them how to shoot. Their proposed victims: a judge, a California senator, and the leaders of anti-busing protests. Bell instructed the undercover agents to go ahead, but to use techniques worked out by FBI academy instructors that would ensure that the terrorists would be atrocious marksmen. Ultimately, the FBI arrested five members of the terrorist group hours before they planned to bomb the California senator's office; four of them pleaded guilty.

Such operations obviously require risks and trade-offs. During the maelstrom of campus violence in the late 1960s, for instance, one FBI informant played a daring but adept game of deterring violence by "one-upmanship." Whenever someone itched to throw a firebomb, he would ridicule the notion and propose "something really powerful—I can get some next week." By "next week" either the would-be terrorist would have cooled off, or the FBI informant would think up new excuses. Eventually, however, one group slipped away from the counselor of delay and firebombed an ROTC headquarters. The informant promptly turned them in, only to be accused by the defendants of having initiated the episode himself as an "agent provocateur." Ultimately, a grand jury investigation exonerated the informant, and the firebombers were convicted.

The proposed Carter charter would require the FBI to instruct informants that they shall "not participate in crimes of violence." The FBI has always done so. But agents working against Ku Klux Klan terrorists had to shut their eyes because, as one testified, "You can't be an angel and be a good informant in the Klan." Thus, while on the FBI payroll, one Klan informant in the company of other Kluxers beat civil-rights demonstrators, boarded buses and kicked people, and charged into restaurants and beat blacks with blackjacks, chains, and pistols. Ultimately, he found himself riding in the car with the Klansmen who shot and killed a civil-rights worker, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo. Though the informant had no chance to prevent the killing without jeopardizing his own life, he reported to his FBI controller at the first opportunity. A nation horrified at the brutal killing had the satisfaction of seeing the FBI jail the murderers within hours, and the swift arrest served warning to Klan types everywhere. What would the ACLU and Congress do in such a case?

Many in Congress would prefer to cede the responsibility for such difficult decisions to the judiciary, by requiring the Justice Department to apply to a judge for a warrant before infiltrating informants into a suspicious group. That way, as Senator Kennedy argues, it would be "the courts, not the Executive, that would ultimately rule." But by dumping such decisions in the laps of judges, Congress would

be authorizing a gigantic shift of power away from the executive and legislative branches, both answerable to the electorate, and toward the judicial, which is not. In 1972 the Supreme Court itself warned against this trend: "Carried to its logical end, this approach would have the federal courts as virtually continuing monitors of the wisdom and soundness of executive action. Such a role is appropriate for Congress acting through its committees and the 'power of the purse'; it is not the role of the judiciary."

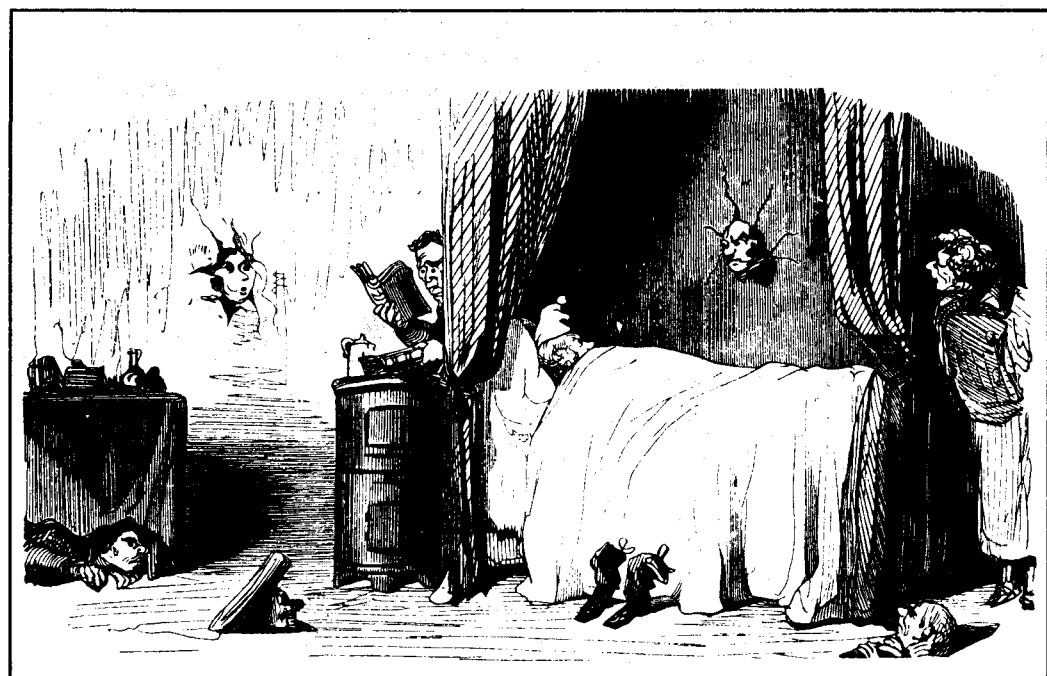
4. *Will we allow covert counteraction?* Lawmen controlling informants within extremist groups face a classic dilemma. Prosecution requires "surfacing" the informant as a witness, ending his usefulness. "Do we prosecute one or two terrorists and leave a dozen or so unwatched?" one Justice Department lawyer asks. "We might thereby expose innocent people to worse violence." The alternative is to leave informants "in place" and exploit every opportunity to disrupt, expose, and disintegrate the extremists or turn their violence inward, thus accomplishing the ultimate purpose of law: keeping the peace.

Six times from 1956 to 1971 the FBI launched covert counteraction campaigns—"dirty tricks"—against a wide range of groups. In September 1964, after civil-rights workers were murdered in Mississippi, Attorney General Robert Kennedy proposed and President Johnson approved an all-out "secret war" on the Klan modeled on the FBI's first such disruption campaign, against the U.S. Communist Party. In Mississippi FBI agents identified 5,000 Klan members and interviewed every single one. Inside two years, they had "turned" more than 2,000 Klansmen into informants. "We had the Klansmen looking in their own pockets," C.D. Brennan, the FBI Assistant Director who ran the program, told me. "At the end of three years, we were virtually running seven of the 17 Klan groups. Through our top-level infiltrators, we issued instruc-

tions to all Klaverns: 'No Klansmen are to engage in any violence because that's just what the "feds" want, and we have to "outwit" them instead.' " That effectively ended the Klan threat.

Despite such past success, when a provision for strictly limited covert action was included in Attorney General Levi's 1976 guidelines, it stirred such Capitol Hill opposition that he withdrew it. Today, many in Congress propose legislation designed expressly to prohibit any FBI covert counteraction.

This would be a grave mistake, as would adopting the FBI charter in its present form. Congress can no more tell the executive branch how to wage internal war "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution" than it can write a handbook telling Air Force fighter pilots how to defend against Soviet bombers. It *can* play its classic role of calling the responsible officials to account for their stewardship and ventilating mistakes for future correction. If the Congress does its job of oversight, it can confidently arm our peace officers with the weapons of law enforcement—electronic surveillance, informant networks, surreptitious searches, and covert action—necessary for waging war on terrorists without seeming to sanction the kinds of abuses that have brought intelligence-gathering into disrepute. In writing an FBI charter, Congress would do well to follow Justice Robert H. Jackson's wise injunction that an open society must continually struggle to "reject as false claims in the name of civil liberty which, if granted, would paralyze or impair authority to defend the existence of our society and reject as false claims in the name of security which would undermine our freedoms and open the way to oppression. Our Constitution is not a covenant of non-resistance toward organized efforts at disruption and betrayal." □



John Nollson

DRINK AMERICAN

For the third time in a week, the National Security Council met to grapple with the latest threat to national security. The latest statistical evidence demonstrated that, in the past five years, the nation had become dangerously dependent on imported mineral water. What was once a trickle had become a flood. Ten years ago, only 3 percent of the water swallowed by Americans was imported. Today, it was 53 percent, and that figure was growing. "We have become profligate drinkers of imported water, and unless we move vigorously to insure our water independence, future generations will be at the mercy of a handful of mineral water exporters—whether they choose to drink it straight, or as a mixer with their favorite intoxicant." This was the grim conclusion of the memorandum under discussion.

The fact was that we had failed to move to develop our own supplies of mineral and spring water. Initially, we had turned to France, which was prepared to supply us with water in small green bottles. Then it was Spain, which supplied water in small pink bottles. Next Germany began to export Loewenwasser to the United States in ever-larger quantities. Finally, people even began importing water from Mexico. The French, in their typically opportunistic fashion, had chosen to exploit political turmoil on the continent to their own advantage. But it was not until the French Communist Party attained power that we felt the full force of the water weapon. The French organized the dreaded OMWEC—the Organization of Mineral Water Exporting Countries—and drove the world price of mineral water to a level that no economic model had ever contemplated.

The President's advisors traced the origins of the new crisis to the Water Import Control Quota Plan of several years ago. Domestic bottlers had demanded a nationwide "Drink American" campaign, and had, in a nationwide television blitz, encouraged consumers to boycott the foreign competition. But this produced distortions in the market. Foreign mineral water was, initially, cheaper than domestic water, so that the European exporters gradually developed a stranglehold on our market. Once entrenched, and prodded by the Communists and by those nations where the annual rainfall was less than three inches per year, the exporters raised prices and reaped enormous profits—waterfall profits, as they were known in the industry.

Why, then, our dangerous complacency? The President's advisors theorized that it had something to do with the ease with which the notorious oil cartel had crumbled. OPEC, which had held sway for only ten years, collapsed shortly after American scientists discovered a process which converted cumulus clouds directly into gasoline. After that, no one could be persuaded to take cartels seriously. The constrictions in the market for natural spring water were seen as temporary, more the result of politics than of the laws of supply and demand. Besides, as one expert put it, the world is swimming in water—or we are swimming in a world of water, he had forgotten which—and sooner or later the weight of the world's oceans would be brought into play.

Yet that had not happened. The Water Independence Act, which provided huge subsidies for desalinization projects, did not have any noticeable effect. Consumers shunned freshwater made from the sea. It was flat in taste, and it was not naturally carbonated; nor did it come from any mysterious spring originating deep within the earth's surface. In fact, no one with any taste would touch the stuff. It was scarcely fit for washing the car.

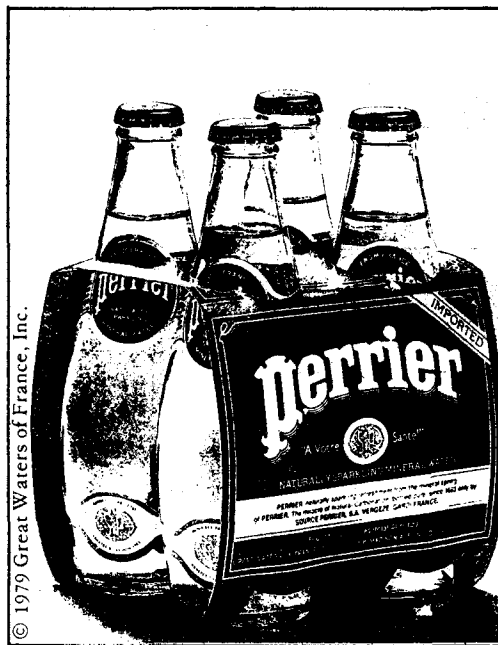
No, nothing seemed to work. Those who believed that the colored bottles were the secret of foreign water's appeal were disappointed when the stuff was purchased in growing quantities and imported in supertankers which OMWEC had picked up from OPEC after the latter's demise. Nor

was price a factor. Domestic water in most areas sold for less than one dollar per thousand gallons; imported water sold for one dollar per seven ounces. According to the theory of the rational consumer which dominates contemporary economics, a rational man would have gone to his faucet and, for less than a penny, could have drunk enough water to burst his innards. Instead, he preferred to spend two dollars for a quantity of water that could scarcely wet his whistle.

Nor was the Internal Revenue Code the answer. Congress had deliberated long and hard before passing the Excess Effervescence Tax. This levy, which had as its purpose reducing the number of bubbles per bottle in order to make imported water more like domestic water, had little effect. Then there was the Coca-Cola Conversion Act. Its purpose was to offer enormous subsidies to the soft-drink industry to remove the flavoring and color from its products, so as to make them more like imported water. It was also thought that water packaged in cans would have greater appeal than water bottled in bottles. Instead, Americans started to mix Coke syrup with Perrier, creating a new sensation, and driving the demand for imported water even higher.

It became painfully obvious that the government's countermeasures had been thwarted at every turn. The trade balance dipped deeper into the red and the dollar plummeted to its lowest levels in history. This was an embarrassment to the President, for it made a mockery of his campaign pledge to restore America to its former greatness. "It is nothing but self-hatred," he had said on the stump. "A nation which will not drink its own water has lost its instinct for self-preservation." And to underscore his commitment to water independence, the President, as a candidate, had ridden over Niagara Falls in a barrel. "It is time," he had said, "for a National Water Policy as thirsty as the American people themselves."

The only response to that brave call, however, was more of the same. Americans began to make even their ice cubes out of imported natural spring water. It was discovered that if the water were flash-frozen, the bubbles remained embedded in the ice cube, creating an effect that was as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. Then



they began to import such ice cubes themselves, neatly packaged, with a small fleur-de-lis running through them, instead of the plain old round hole which was a feature of the mundane ice cube produced in the average American ice-making machine. Then they turned on ice *cubes* altogether, coming to prefer water frozen in the shape of a regular polyhedron. Of these, the ice dodecahedron was the most popular. It revolutionized the highball.

This, then, was the stark reality which hovered over the President and his advisors as they pondered what to do next. As the discussions continued, it was clear

that a bitter division existed between the hawks and the doves. The hawks favored reinstating the Eighteenth Amendment with slightly altered wording, so that it would apply to imported water rather than to intoxicants. The doves, on the other hand, favored total deregulation. It was not clear what that meant in the context of water policy, but the doves kept falling back on their point that, whatever it meant, it was surely in keeping with the temper of the times. As usual, the deliberations of the Council were inconclusive, yielding nothing but a decision to convene another meeting.

It was hardly surprising that concerned

Americans would take matters into their own hands. There are, after all, abuses which can be tolerated no longer, affronts to the national dignity which must be answered. And so it happened that in the dead of night a band of patriots, dressed in 18th-century attire, boarded a freighter of Panamanian registry moored in Boston harbor and proceeded to dump case after case of French water into the sea. The Boston Water Party, now an annual tradition more or less, rejoined Americans to their fighting heritage. And it has become a standard around which native-born beer drinkers will surely rally. □

F.S. Manor

NEWS ON THE MARCH

With recipes and gossip.

From a reputable profession, journalism has sunk to an occupation that provides part-time employment for academics, and full-time employment for writers whose main achievement seems to be to quote verbatim, from tape-recorded interviews, statements made by people whose names fleetingly appear in the day's headlines. It is a decline in which a profession first was reduced by its own union to a "craft," and then allowed to decay to the present level of gossip-mongering and dull writing confined to the narrowest of horizons. It spells the end of an era that lasted for almost two centuries, and bodes ill for the future of our freedom, of which sound journalism, press and electronic, is an essential pillar.

Two generations ago, if one wanted to know about what went on inside Africa, one read John Gunther; if one wanted to follow events in Europe, one read, or listened to, H.R. Knickerbocker, Ed Mowrer, Dorothy Thompson, Madame Tabouis, and a host of other writers who travelled the world, were on intimate terms with those in power as well as those in opposition, knew the leading lights in the various branches of endeavor, spoke foreign lan-

guages to be able to talk to their contacts freely, without the help of interpreters, and read foreign newspapers rather than pre-chewed and translated précis published by an embassy or foreign ministry. They were familiar with the history of the nation about which they were writing, and knew its politics inside out. They were, as William L. Shirer wrote about John Gunther, "bursting with energy and [had] an enormous curiosity about life and people."

But where is this kind of journalism now? It seems to have ended with Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop, and we have been left in all of North America with one man, Joseph Kraft. Mr. Kraft might qualify by knowing something about everything, but his dispatches lack the scholarly touch that a proper exercise of the profes-

sion would demand. No writer with political discernment would have called Pierre Trudeau "perhaps the world's most gifted leader," and if Mr. Kraft knows so little about his next-door neighbor, how much credence can be given to his judgment when he writes about more remote countries?

The parlous state of the West is partly due to the fact that there is no strong journalistic voice to marshal the facts and write in a stirring yet readable prose that would warn the public of the dangers that lie ahead. Where facts are produced, almost invariably they are mixed with opinion. Who today has heard of C.P. Scott and his dictum that "Comment is free but facts are sacred"? Instead, what journalists don't know is camouflaged by opinions expressed with varying degrees of skill, and this unsavory mixture has been turned into a virtue that brings Pulitzer Prizes. And if in the 1930s opinion-makers were, on the whole, complacent about the Nazi danger, there were always outspoken daily newspapers and outspoken radio commentators who, at least in some measure, prepared the public for the horrors to come. Nothing of this sort exists today except perhaps in Britain, where the *Daily Telegraph* still is a voice crying in the wilderness. But Britain has lost its decisive role, and in North America those who do not share the cozy complacency find home only in periodicals, or manage to squeeze in an occasional article on the op-ed page of a



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major daily—promptly to be contradicted by a host of left-wing apologists.

Like a poet, a journalist is born. He must have two basic gifts: a skill in handling the language and an insatiable curiosity about public affairs. Both are innate traits that can be developed and greatly improved by proper education, but they cannot be taught. They must inform as much the writer whose main interest centers on the affairs of his hometown as one who must digest and report the intricate details of SALT strategy.

Unfortunately, the teaching of language has become abominably shoddy. Essays, and thus the developing of writing abilities, are no longer part of our schools' curriculum. Students absorb language by listening to television rather than by reading books. Teachers consider grammar to be of no importance, while spelling is thought to be a mark of class distinction that has to be eliminated. Students who reach university level should have mastered their mother tongue. Instead, they are offered remedial courses in basic English.

Thus, despite the insistence on journalism being a "craft," a lack of knowledge of the writer's main tool—language—does not seem to be any great impediment when journalists are hired. Of course there are individuals who write well, can master a subject, and have a facility for learning. But they are not in journalism because it has become a dead-end employment, having lost its luster and the lure of adventure. Academic life is both more lucrative and more comfortable, as is civil service or public relations.

Here the blame must be laid squarely on unions. It was a practice in Fleet Street for the great British national newspapers to send recruiting teams to Oxford, Cambridge, and other reputable universities, seek out people about to graduate with first-class honors, and if they were suitable offer them interesting positions. Then the unions stepped in and decreed that nobody could be hired for a Fleet Street paper unless he first spent a given time on a provincial newspaper. It was an ingenious way to lower standards and get rid of the high fliers. What top graduate would want to spend years in the boondocks writing about municipal affairs or petty local crime? So the brightest and the best went elsewhere, as they had done in the United States, where for many years there was a rule that nobody could become a reporter on a major paper without first serving as a copy boy.

In North America the union-induced lowering of standards has been further compounded by the fact that the Newspaper Guild comprises not only journalists but the entire supporting staff—clerks, maintenance people, janitors, etc. All these are treated on the same level as journalists and enjoy high income secured

for them by the Guild. This in turn has made newspaper publishing a very expensive proposition. The management has to save, and it does so by economizing on expenditures that helped to make journalists well informed and journalism an exciting calling. Since vast sums of money have to go to pay overtime and all kinds of union-invented benefits, there is no money left for travel, or for reasonable expense accounts that enable journalists to meet important people at their own level.

Quality journalism used to be a profession of individualists, even eccentrics. Today there are few individualists and eccentrics—and few creative writers—left in the newsrooms or editorial offices. The crowd puts in its hours and behaves like clerks in a department store. Indeed, many of them would be better employed by selling ties and socks, or lingerie.

Let me illustrate what was done by the union levellers to this last refuge of non-conformists. I had two colleagues, one a legislative reporter, the other a music critic. Both were excellent although slow writers. They would spend the entire night on each feature, agonizing over every word, seeking the apt phrase, and the results were little gems that were an ornament to the paper. Who could employ them today when the union insists on overtime, pretending that a creative writer is akin to a (unionized) bricklayer, producing so many words per hour? The legislative reporter retired at the time of the union onslaught. The music critic has gone into public relations.

A third colleague was exactly the opposite. He would stay at home reading and immersing himself in the subject he proposed to tackle, meet people who told him interesting things, then come to the office, rattle off an excellent, witty column, and depart. The union, however, did not like it. The union bosses insisted that he, too, put in seven hours in the office like everybody else. He is now looking for another venue.

Newspapers are supposed to lead public opinion and their management should be different from that engaged in merchandizing footwear. But management, obsessed with saving, has decided it must cater to what is supposed to be the public's taste. Results of readership surveys that produce the most bizarre views are continuously pressed upon editors. Packaging has become the substitute for serious content; new typefaces, flashy section headings, boxes, and colored headlines are to make up for the poor contents of the package offered to the customer.

Because television is supposed to be the great competitor, management has readily agreed to lower newspaper standards to match those of television, and to revert to the parish-pump emphasis that once informed most North American papers. This narrow outlook has always been there, even in the heyday of foreign correspon-

dents. In my days in Europe I was forever encountering young American newspaper men whose foreign career began when, back at home, they uncovered a scandal at the state legislature. The boy, the management bigwigs would say, has great potential. He needs a larger field than Peoria or Carson City, and what better place to uncover corruption than France of the Third Republic? Some of these youngsters remained in Paris, Rome, or Madrid for years, never learning the language and forever acting as if they were operating in a larger, foreign-speaking Springfield.

Others who grasped the opportunity mastered the language, caught up on history and politics, and became gifted interpreters of contemporary events. It is these people in journalism who have lost out. And when a Gallup Poll comes up with a report that only 7 percent of the United States population chose international issues as the nation's most important problems, or that one-third of the population does not know that China has a Communist regime, one can see clear evidence of the betrayal perpetrated upon democracy by those who manage our journalism. I have heard a "policy director" of a large newspaper chain say that while he himself was interested in foreign affairs, the public did not want it. What readers want are recipes and medical stories. Whereupon he closed down the chain's foreign bureaus and replaced foreign correspondents' reports with syndicated columns on medicine, food, and gossip.

There is no place in modern journalism for the bright boy who once was sent to Europe or the Far East. With most of the foreign bureaus closed or staffed by local talent, promotion will be to Washington, D.C., where, according to current lore, there is more corruption to be uncovered than in Paris, France. Once in Washington, the journalist becomes enmeshed in a whirl of cocktail parties staged for the press, where those present exchange gossip with their colleagues, the gossip to be then peddled as news.

When a journalist becomes tired of this self-abuse, he goes into public relations, where both the hours and the perks are better, and there is no union to make life miserable. Or else he is lucky to find on the back stairs of his office a bundle of secrets for which the KGB would have given its eyeteeth, and which had been dropped there by a civil servant who, disagreeing with government policy, undertook affirmative action. Having thus "discovered" the secrets, the journalist splashes them across the front page and becomes famous overnight. He becomes one of the "investigative reporters," and can look forward to TV and book contracts and a high regard from his peers. Meanwhile, the public is left blissfully unaware of what Soviet naval bases in southern Africa, or the galloping price of gold, will soon do to all of us. □



THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

MY LIFE WITH "THE KIDS"

by Herbert I. London

The age of the sixties passed, but for me it left none too soon. I confronted student radicals and found them to be intolerant, inhumane, and insipid. But the key point is that they prevented me from doing what the university paid me for doing, and prevented my students from obtaining the knowledge they had a right to receive.

I could not—in fact, still cannot—accept the distinction between “creative oppression,” which radical students maintained was essential for a responsive university, and repressive oppression, of which I was alleged to be culpable. Whenever I think about this alleged distinction, I’m reminded of Dostoevsky, who wrote that “the difference between left and right wing oppression is like the difference between cat and dog excrement—anyway you look at it, it’s still excrement.”

It is painful to recall those days, but it is worth doing so in the interest of setting the record straight. On a spring day in 1969, I received a visit from a student who demanded to see my files. He said he represented a student revolutionary action group interested in protecting students from “political harassment.” As the elected ombudsman representing student grievances, I found the request (I would not acquiesce to a “demand”) most unusual. When I inquired about it, he said, “Because you’re a conservative, we don’t believe you can adjudicate radical claims fairly.” Since I applied no political test to the cases I examined, and since I had only the power to recommend matters to the dean, the charge seemed silly, and I dismissed it out of hand. That settled the issue, or so I thought.

Two days later a contingent of revolutionary action students visited my office, again demanding that my files be opened for inspection. I smiled, clenched my fist, asked them

whence they derived the authority to make this “request,” and invited them to leave. They refused. A spokesman, obviously trying to muster all the courage he had, said, “Suppose we take matters into our own hands.” I softly responded, “You’re welcome to try.” There were no takers, but one of the self-styled revolutionaries asked, “Why do you think the protection of property is worth as much as the protection of person?” Since my file cabinet contained the only copy of a manuscript that took two years of my life to complete, I pointed out that I might—de-

pending on the circumstances—be willing to put up a fight in order to protect my property. Moreover, I argued that I was protecting the confidentiality of my records which, if abrogated, could cause harm to individuals who trusted me with personal information. To make the matter perfectly clear, I mentioned the case of a homosexual who felt discriminated against by one of his professors. This illustration of nameless characters seemed to do the trick. The gang of political inquisitors left, mumbling obscenities and threats about future confrontations.

Almost one year to the week later, I was once again put to a test by student radicals. This time the issue had nothing at all to do with the confidentiality of my files—my term as ombudsman having expired—but with the equally important matter of using force to inhibit classroom attendance.

This was the year of the strike—of the Cambodian invasion and Kent State. On May 11, 1970, the faculty council, of which I was a member, met to discuss what action we might recommend to the entire faculty in response to campus agitation. After considerable wrangling over the wording of a resolution, it was agreed that: “*At their option* [my italics], students may be excused from classes and finals for the duration of the semester.” Considering what appeared to be their sincere expressions of concern, it seemed only reasonable to accommodate anti-war protestors, yet at the same time give those who wished to attend class the opportunity to exercise that right.

While students demonstrated in front of the auditorium, the faculty met to discuss the motion. Despite a few guerrilla-theater types who shouted “shut it down,” on the whole the meeting went smoothly. Those who opposed the motion maintained that the “heinous crime” in Cambodia warranted symbolic action by the faculty in the form of a total strike. From my perspective, this position totally disregarded the rights of those who had paid for and wished to attend classes. Finding myself the reluctant leader of a caucus that felt uneasy about its position, I prepared my first major address to the faculty with caution and tact. I spoke of the universally felt remorse at the Kent State tragedy, the need to preserve academic freedom, and the importance of respecting the rights of non-striking students.

In the vote that followed, the faculty approved the council motion by a margin of 120 to 103. This meant that school would remain open, but demonstrators would have the right



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to be absent without penalty. The faculty approved, as an olive branch to the minority, another motion which opposed United States military action in Southeast Asia.

But in those days it was one thing to pass a motion and quite another to follow it through. Some students were so outraged by the soon designated "pusillanimous decision" of the faculty that they vowed to shut down the college. The very next day there was a cordon of student radicals in front of the building in which my class was to be given. Anyone who entered the building encountered fierce invective and jostling. But I felt if my students were in the classroom, I had a moral and legal obligation to be there as well. I pushed my way through the angry crowd amid shouts of "fascist pig, fascist pig!"

I had no choice but to give my lecture over the ubiquitous bullhorns. For an hour and a half I shouted. Exhausted at the end of the session, I discovered to my astonishment that mine was the only class that had been held.

It was apparent to me that academe during that time bore a strong resemblance to Elsinore. Professors

could not make decisions; when they did, it was at meetings hastily called, on poorly drafted motions, after debate unworthy of being called rational. In the end, all the talk about conscience and morality did not mean much when pitted against student pressure. With little or no consideration of the issues, university students were willing to jeopardize two hundred years of tradition in the name of "the revolution." For a perceived moral principle, they were willing to disregard the rights and welfare of others. It is patently extreme to compare this era with the rise of Nazism. Yet on one issue, noted by Peter Gay in *The Weimar Culture*, there does appear to be a similarity: As the need for absolute morality increases, the concern for human decency decreases.

Several springs passed, and I managed to stay out of the path of the hurricane. Perhaps I was so enervated by the events in May 1970 that I could no longer marshal the strength to oppose the latest activist cause. On the other hand, there were far fewer causes.

This condition, however, did not prevent anti-war protestors from using their "idealism" to try to solve other problems. In 1975 I met such an idealist. She was 17, had been raised in upstate New York, and was pumped up with social justice slogans and eager to assist the downtrodden. She used her university experience as a way to get involved with the "real people" in the inner city. After several months of working on a project on the Lower East Side of New York, she was brutally beaten to death.

I decided to tell her story. What I wrote was a fable that intentionally altered the facts of this one case, but, I hoped, contained the spirit of a generational tale. The result of my efforts was another confrontation with radicals.

These people maintained that I had maligned the girl's character in order to convey a message: "a condemnation of idealism practiced by today's youth." I responded by pointing out that the purpose of my story was to prevent episodes of this kind from being repeated. At the very least, I maintained, idealism should be tempered by a healthy respect for risks. It wasn't good deeds that I criticized, but an inability to recognize our own limitations.

That explanation fell on deaf ears. A campaign was launched in the student newspaper and in mimeographed hand-outs for my resignation. At this point I was dean of a

college, proud of the progress my division had achieved, and generally well regarded by colleagues and students as a sound administrator. I would not, and could not, permit this rabble to drive me from my position, particularly since most of my opponents were neither students in my college nor students in the university.

One week prior to their demonstrations against me, I had surgery on my knee and was forced to use crutches. Even so, the demonstrators pelted me with eggs and tomatoes, and forcibly prevented me from entering my office. They also alleged that I was a racist and elitist because the white victim in my story was murdered in an ostensibly nonwhite neighborhood. However, I had never mentioned the race of her assailant.

It was amusing to see signs in front of my office which read, "London is racist"—I immediately thought of Anglophobes who were protesting British immigration policy. My

amusement came to an abrupt end when the demonstrators had a CBS affiliate cover their pseudo-event for the six o'clock local news. Since only the demonstrators were interviewed on camera, I called the station to offer my side of the story. A reporter listened politely to my account for about ten minutes and then said, "If I accept your explanation then we have no news story." Then he hung up.

I managed to weather this storm, too; I kept my position, and ultimately had a chance to refute some of the charges made against me. But it wasn't easy. One now hears glib denunciations of the McCarthy era on campuses all over the country. Yet very few of those doing the denouncing trouble to examine their own actions during the sixties and early seventies. They are self-righteous and intolerant, and choose facile slogans for hard thought. A generation has been paralyzed by its moral outrage. □

EDITORIAL (continued from page 5)

are dozens more yawps like this and there are thousands more solemn idiots propounding them. Professor Falk, for instance, returned from his visit with the Rev. Khomeini singing of his superb character and commitment to "social justice." Mr. Falk found the old scowler progressive, and the dreaded Yankee in error. In the *New York Times* he wrote that our media "defamed [Khomeini] in many ways, associating him with efforts to turn the clock back 1,300 years, with virulent anti-Semitism, and with a new political disorder, 'theocratic fascism.'" In the 1930s there was the America First movement. Since Vietnam's fall our foreign policy has been in the paws of an America Last movement, and I only wish I could have been in Istanbul—pen and pad in hand—to record Mr. Clark's reaction as he was repeatedly denounced by the Holy Man and his sweating disciples as a "dirty character."

Our present peril issues from the fact that we have allowed our foreign policy to be dominated by popinjays. The fundamental tenets of the America Lasters were pithily set out by Mr. Richard Holbrooke, our President's Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, in a 1976 issue of *Foreign Policy*. There he urged that we "use our natural strengths...to replace (in Marina v.N. Whitman's words) 'leadership

based on hegemony with leadership based on persuasion and compromise.'" Moreover, Mr. Holbrooke reminded us that "we still possess... the basic moral force that exists in the principles of our system of government." Mr. Holbrooke hoped "that we will recognize that we do not need to dominate the world in order to live safely in it.... And above all, we must retain our belief in the exceptional nature of our system of democracy."

This sanctimonious vamping has inspired three years of foreign policy blundering for which the civilized nations of the world will be paying dearly for years to come. "Persuasion and compromise" are as loathsome to the Rev. Khomeini as underwear ads and toothpaste. "The basic moral force that exists in our system" is repugnant to him, and to the comrades and colonels of this orb "moral force" is the stuff of comedy. Most of our enemies want nothing to do with liberal democracy, and some even bray at material riches. In a letter in the November 10 issue of the *Economist*, a Mr. Abu Abdul Rasoul Al-Rida spoke for millions when he said, "The West, whose civilization is visibly crumbling in a morass of hedonism, unbridled materialism, social indiscipline and the rule of special interest groups, naturally fears the rise of a rejuvenated Islam and the alternative moral values it posits to the West's discredited myths of democracy and liberalism."

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Behind the enormities of the Iranians, behind their obstinacy and the hysterical obscenities they spit out, there is a huge element of unreason. This is so obvious that even the Wonderboy has perceived it. Yet what has not been widely noted is our own devotion to unreason. As we earnestly pad about the world, first taking our legalistic briefs to the United Nations, then to the International Court of Justice, then, in desperation, to any foreign government that will listen, it is increasingly apparent that our government is not acting rationally. The Iranians have made themselves perfectly clear. They are not susceptible to international law or to American diplomacy. They answer only to the buzz between the Rev. Khomeini's ears. They began their farce with an act of war. They have acted as bellicosely as it is in their power to act—a point that might even penetrate the Wonderboy's thick skull had the Holy Man a few nuclear devices to send Satanward. Whatever course the Iranians follow, you can be sure it will have been taken not because of our protests at the International Court of Justice but because of their whim.

Firmly and publicly eschewing force in Iran was not only irrational, it was dangerous and provocative. While we posture and render ourselves contemptible to the world, terrible things are happening. As we have drawn out this crisis, we have allowed the passions of primitive peoples all over the world to be inflamed. We have allowed the preeminent power of the West to be placed outside the international community and to be treated as a pariah nation. Despite all our government's lovey-dovey policies, there are more people railing against us today than ever before. Not even during the Vietnam war did we have so many people demonstrating such hate toward us—and of course that idiotic war was another example of our dragging a crisis out to the benefit of our enemies.

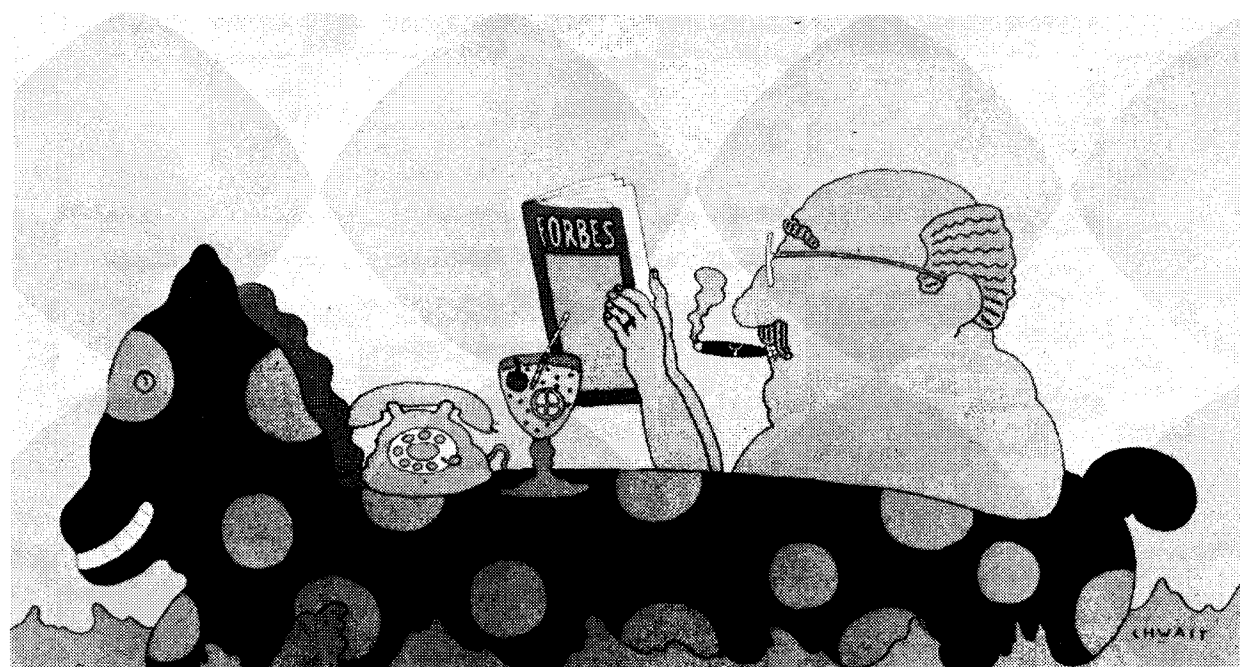
The irrationality of the Iranians can be laid to anti-Americanism, and the way to deal with anti-Americanism is to pull a page from the Israelis' manual on defense against bigotry. That is to say, our government must cease rendering itself contemptible to the world and must respond decisively and punitively to those who violate our rights. The irrationality of the Carter administration is more complicated. What makes his advisors, at least the bulk of them, adhere to their idiotic notions? What makes them follow a policy of America Last? It is a vast question duly requiring the services of Aristotelians, Freudians, Ann Landerses, and all kinds of ex-

pert minds. Yet I suggest that the thing be pondered immediately, for even though the idiocy of these policies is now clear for all to see, the reasoning that supports them seems to have spread across the country.

Turn to Louisville, Kentucky, where a pet dachshund recently killed a family's two-week-old baby. The dog has been placed in a local animal

shelter, and the question now is what to do with the dog. Should it be destroyed? Speaking in elevated terms wonderfully suggestive of Mr. Clark and the Carter foreign policy, a Mr. Eric Blow, director of the Jefferson County Animal Shelter, steps to the microphones and says, "It's a problem we have to figure out.... Is he a lavished pet of the family or a normal

household pet? There's a lot of different angles to look at.... It will be a very hard decision for them. It [the dog] is bound to hold a very high-ranking position in their family." Here is leadership. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mr. Eric Blow, a lively prospect for Secretary of State in the next Carter administration or in a Kennedy administration. It really would not matter. □



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**FORBES:
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BOOK REVIEWS

The revolution in thought that marks off modern from pre-modern times promised political emancipation to all based on the idea of natural rights. Mysteriously, this revolution brought with it the appearance of the Jewish people on the stage of world politics. The response of the Jews to the modern political world may be explained by the fact that they have been among its greatest beneficiaries as well as its greatest victims. They are thus in their numbers the most passionate defenders of liberal democracy because it subordinates religion and guarantees civil rights. But liberal democracy is fragile, and its failures far outnumber its successes. The failure of the hopes of liberalism, the rise of a "scientific" anti-Semitism that supplemented but did not supplant the older, theological variety, the allure of an intellectual assault on the very foundations of liberalism—all played their part in bringing about Jewish participation in the political extremes of modernity. Jewish nationalism, or Zionism, which is one extreme, saw in political autonomy the only hope for full entry on the basis of human equality into the modern world. At the other extreme, the radical Left has attracted, and continues to attract, a disproportionate number of Jews, in part no doubt because it promised to do away with the root causes of human inequality, and therewith the "Jewish question."

Arthur Liebman's massive and prolix study, *Jews and the Left*, sets out to supply a portion of the painfully ironic and self-destructive history of Jewish radicalism. It is a sociological history of the Jewish radical Left in the United States and its antecedents in Czarist Russia. An ambitious book that may be admired for its unraveling and reweaving of many threads, it is nonetheless flawed from the outset by its Marxist fundamentalism.

Liebman's chief contribution to this ongoing saga is an account of why the attraction of Jews to the radical Left has persisted. He locates the cause in a Jewish Left "subculture," which, while not necessarily itself "radical," indeed quite middle-class in many respects, provides the ground of sympathy for the

Robert Licht is a Research Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

JEWES AND THE LEFT Arthur Liebman / John Wiley & Sons / \$19.95 Robert Licht

radical Left and of hostility toward "capitalism."

The defect of this view, which as far as it goes may well be true, is of course its intellectual narrowness. The possibility that an openness to ideology, nourished on a diet of class hatred and resentment, might be pathological is nowhere entertained by the author. Moreover, the theory of a Jewish Left "subculture" cannot explain why Jews were attracted to radicalism in the first place. Liebman simply argues that "capitalism" impoverished and to some extent "proletarianized" the Jews of Czarist Russia; it also radicalized some of the intelligentsia. Thus Liebman assumes that the Marxist theory of capitalism, which served the radicals as an explanation of their own situation, is correct. But there is no *a priori* reason to grant the truth of Marx's views, even in the most illiberal and oppressive of regimes.

The fact is, however, that as a purely intellectual phenomenon Marxism

has been powerfully alluring to certain intellectuals. To try to explain this fundamental attraction, there is really no alternative but to return to the thought of the Founder. But when this is done, the root problem of Jewish radicalism appears in bold relief.

Marx, in a review, takes issue with Bruno Bauer, who had argued that for the Jews to achieve social and political emancipation, all men must be emancipated from religion, which would disappear were it subordinated to the state. But, Marx observes, in North American states (he means the U.S.) which guarantee human rights and subordinate religion to the state, far from there being freedom from religion, there is only freedom of religion. And the same is true of property and trade.

So we do not say to the Jews, as Bauer does: You cannot be emancipated politically without emancipating yourselves radically from Judaism. Rather, we say to them: because you can be politically emancipated without completely and consistently abandoning Judaism, this

means that political emancipation itself is not human emancipation.

What is required then is *human* emancipation, and liberal democratic regimes cannot bring that about because, not to put too fine a point on it, they are infected with the spirit of Judaism:

Money is the jealous god of Israel before whom no other god may stand. Money debases all the gods of man and turns them into commodities. Money is the universal, self-constituted value of all things. It has therefore robbed the whole world, human as well as natural, of its own values. Money is the alienated essence of man's work and being, this alien essence dominates him and he adores it. The god of the Jews has been secularized and has become the god of the world. Exchange is the actual god of the Jew. His god is only the illusion of exchange.

And a final word on the Jewish question:

The social emancipation of the Jew implies the emancipation of society from Judaism.

The radical Jew, then, is faced with a dilemma. On the one hand, anti-Semitism can be explained "scientifically" in Marx as the corruption of men by the forces of history. Yet, on the other hand, Marx also teaches that the spirit of Judaism is what corrupts and prevents full human emancipation. By fleeing to radicalism in the name of freedom the Jew does not escape or overcome hatred or contempt for the Jews, but finds a new and darker form of it in himself. As a radical he is also a universalist and, in thought at any rate, is beyond nationalism, religion, and all particularisms. But the escape in thought does not overcome the particularism that is imputed to him by others or, paradoxically, that may still reside in his heart.

Liebman speaks of the "two souls" of the Jewish radical. It is a problem that Marxism, I believe, cannot solve. As Liebman's account so graphically reveals, the self-expurgation of the particular was too high a price to pay for the majority of Jewish radicals. The reason for this is something simply stated: Loyalty to some particularity is at the heart of human decency. Indeed, Liebman's account of a Jewish Left "subculture," which



could explain the perpetuation of a Jewish socialist tradition in spite of the continual falling away and hostility of the Jewish mainstream, is evidence of this fact. Loyalty to some kind of universalism is thus loyalty to some particularism. On just such shifting sands was that living impossibility, Jewish socialism, both radical and Jewish, built.

The origins of Jewish socialism in the United States are to be found in Czarist Russia. The early Russian Jewish radicals considered their fellow Jews to be "social parasites," and were drawn rather to Russian populism. When they went out to work among the peasantry, they discovered, to their horror, that in the peasant's eyes even a non-Jewish Jew was still a Jew. This, together with the oppressive anti-Semitic policies and pogroms of the Czars, forced the radicals back into the Jewish community where, gradually overcoming their prejudices, they learned to work among their own people. Eventually, because of their efforts, a uniquely Jewish movement, part political party and part labor union, called the Bund, emerged.

Although in this way a socialistic Jewish labor movement was created, the leadership never succeeded in radicalizing the Jewish workers. They resisted the notion of working-class consciousness and solidarity against the bourgeoisie and bosses because they thought of themselves as presumptive employers. In short, as Liebman complains, they were ruled by the "success ethic," a characteristic they brought to these shores with the mass waves of immigration in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

In Czarist Russia, then, and for a relatively brief but intense period in the United States, the self-contradictory phenomenon of Jewish socialism flourished. In America, however, "political and socio-economic conditions soon forced most Jewish Leftists to make a choice of being Jewish or Socialistic." Although there was a large, homogeneous Jewish working class centered on the garment industry, and although a socialist Jewish labor movement arose after a time, it failed to remain socialist, i.e., radically socialist. In Liebman's view it soon fell to worshipping the golden calf as it moved into "bourgeois mainstream politics." This happened because the leadership decided, after some experience of America, that "capitalism was here to stay." Moreover, the garment industry, traditionally weak and under-capitalized, required cooperation on the part of the union if jobs were to be maintained. And since it was as well a

work-place that permitted upward mobility, and the Jewish workers had brought their aspirations with them, they remained unradicalized, just as in Russia. Moreover, as the Jewish community became established, so did its particular interests and communal organizations. The union leaders developed close ties to the organized community. As they did so they

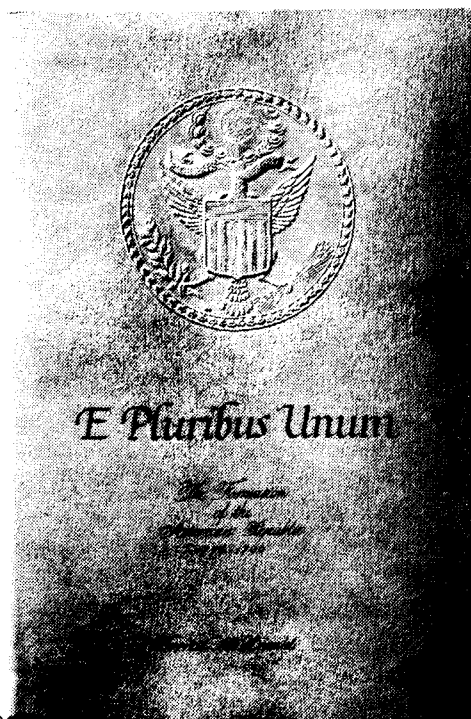
were transformed into political *moderates*, that dirtiest of words in the radical vocabulary.

Thus, what has been written many times as the history of one immigrant group's great success—and the hope of all—is seen by Liebman as but the sad decline of the glorious promise of

radical socialism, done in by the unrelenting pressure of Jewish particularism and its attraction to, and support for, liberal democracy.

But if the Jews have proved a burden to radicalism, they have also been a source of renewal from which, the author predicts, we shall see a rebirth of Jewish radicalism, just as in the 1950s and 1960s the New Left

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sprang from the Old (Jewish) Left. This rebirth, which the author spells out in an epilogue, will spring from the same sources whence it first saw the light of day, capitalism and anti-Semitism. "Maturing, monopolistic capitalist society" will prove a hostile environment for Jews who, as small businessmen, professionals, managers, and administrators, "stand outside of the politico-economic core where real power is vested." They are excluded, except for a few anomalies, from the executive suites, and the "corporate power-elite" is "objectively" anti-Semitic. In the expansive economy following the Second World War this fact was treated by Jewish organizations as a "status irritant" rather than "a major stumbling block to Jewish mobility." But, according to Liebman, in a shrinking economy it is a serious threat, because the decisions made by the "power elite" will inevitably go against the economic interests of the Jews, who are on the economic periphery no matter

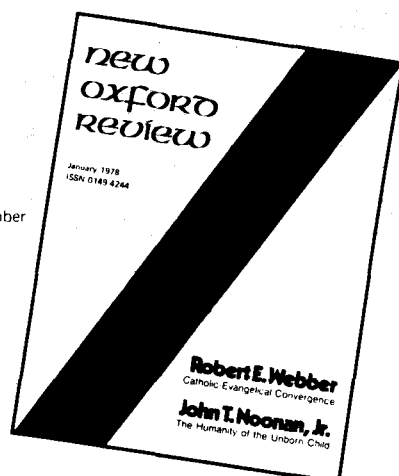
how prosperous they might now appear.

It is true that the position of the Jews, which for a brief moment in history looked relatively secure, now appears increasingly insecure. However, any systematic impoverishment of the Jews would not be the result of monopolistic capital and the "objective" hostility of the "power elite." Rather, it would be but one consequence of an impoverishment—possibly already in its initial stages—of all Americans, brought about more by accumulated confusion, ineptitude, and political paralysis than by actual malice. In such an event, there would, of course, be scapegoating. Indeed, it may already have started in its classic form as the group at the bottom of the economic ladder has begun to focus its grievances on the Jews. But no particular credit accrues to Liebman for his predictions based upon hoary and specious Marxist premises if, given the present political climate, almost anything might come to pass. □

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Richard Brookhiser

In the late 1940s, when right-wingers were considered hicks or pinheads, Felix Morley and Henry Regnery helped midwife the modern conservative intellectual movement, and their autobiographies offer, among other things, some interesting insights into the movement's nature and direction.

Both men were born in small towns. Both learned to be skeptical of big government from close contact with it: Regnery spent two disillusioning years in the Resettlement Administration; Morley covered the Washington bureaucracy for the Philadelphia *North American* during World War I. In 1944, after six years on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun* and seven years—and a Pulitzer Prize—as editor of the *Washington Post*, Morley helped Frank Hanighen found a four-page newsletter called *Human Events*. Regnery joined the publication in its first year as treasurer.

Human Events marked a juncture, a switching point, after which the thinking of the two men began slowly, glacially, to diverge. The *Human Events* of the 1940s was an analytical journal, more like the *Freeman* of Albert J. Nock than the brassy dope sheet it is today. Under its auspices, Regnery published a series of books and pamphlets which soon grew into a separate company of his own. For the next 30 years, the Henry Regnery Company introduced most of the seminal works of American conservatism, including the second book of an obscure Michigan history instructor named Russell Kirk, and the first book of a recent Yale graduate, William F. Buckley, Jr.

Morley meanwhile slipped gradually out of the mainstream. He left *Human Events* over policy disagreements in 1950 ("Frank [Hanighen] and Henry," he says in *For the Record*, "moved on to associate with the far Right in the Republican Party"). He now defines himself as "essentially 'Libertarian' "—though "it is with great reluctance that I yield the old

terminology of 'liberal' to the socialists." "I am not at all sure that Felix Morley would care to be called a conservative," Regnery concurs in his *Memoirs*. "He prefers to be known as an old fashioned liberal."

What makes this split between two former colleagues generally interesting is their normality. We are not dealing here with Randians, Carlists, Birchers, anarcho-science-fiction fans, or any of the other oddballs who pass in and out of the right wing like migrating terns. The "far Right of the Republican Party" with which Regnery "moved on to associate" himself is the ideological home of millions of Americans, and the intellectual construction—built over 30 careful years—of dozens of eminently sensible thinkers. The "old fashioned" liberalism, or "Libertarianism," to which Morley owes allegiance springs neither from a morbid interest in economics, nor from gaseous philosophizing about the individual and his prelapsarian prerogatives, but from a deep-seated reverence for the federal system of the Founders. Why the parting of ways?

Two causes suggest themselves. The first concerns foreign policy. Both men opposed America's entry into World War II; Morley also opposes special exertions against the Soviet Union today. Morley, cherishing the structure of checks and balances in foreign as well as domestic policy, maintains he is only being consistent; Regnery would presumably say that he judges the Soviet threat to be overriding. Morley of course is right—the Third World War has disequibrated our institutions as badly as the Second. Morley does not seem to consider, however, whether conservatives might also be right—whether all or some of those distortions might have been necessary for American survival. "Whatever the reality of the Soviet threat..." begins a typical sentence. In other words: Big government is bad; military preparations yield big govern-

Richard Brookhiser is an editor at National Review.

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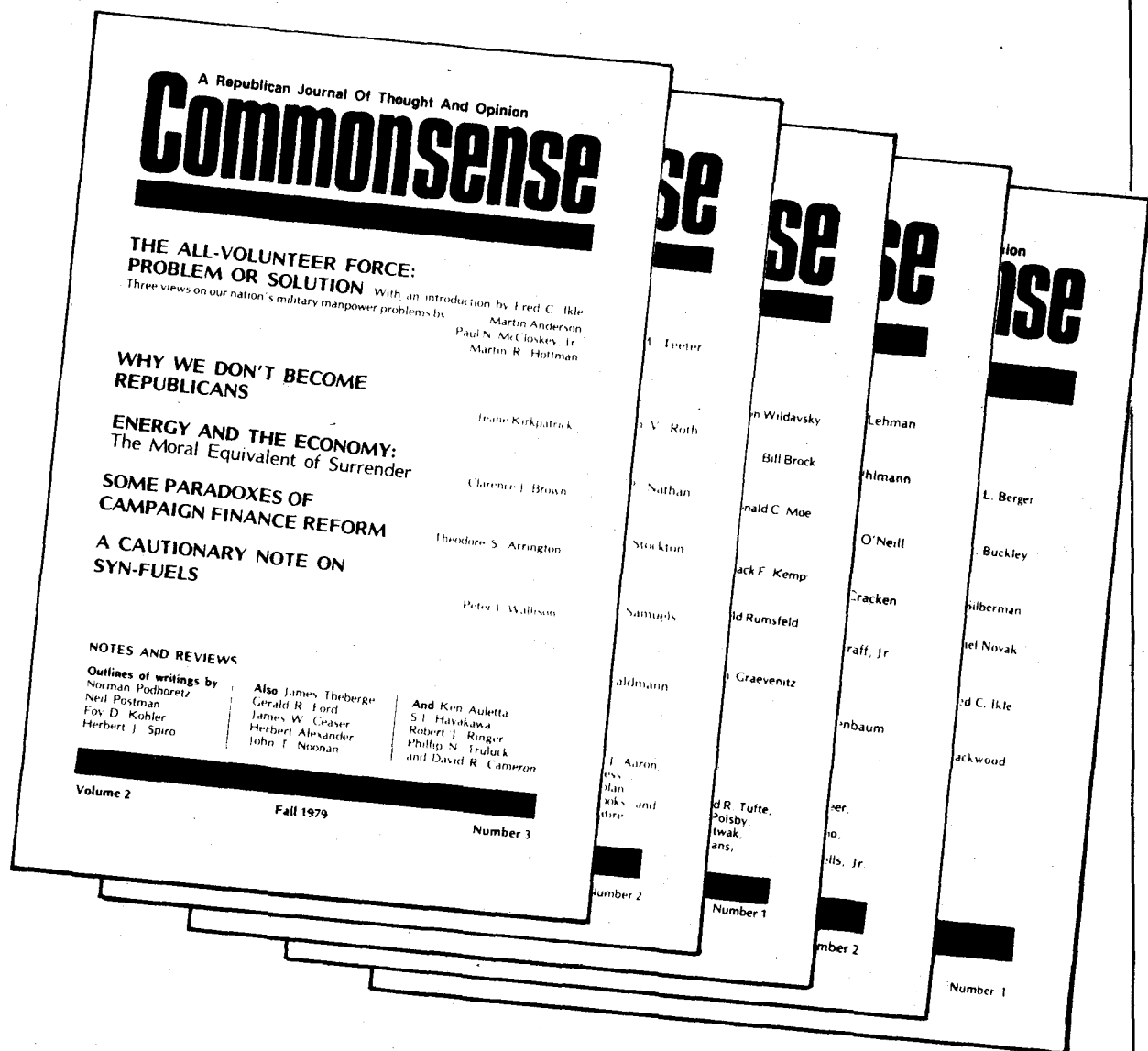
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A Republican Journal of Thought and Opinion—according to conservative columnist Patrick Buchanan, “a phrase which until lately would have been dismissed as a contradiction in terms.” COMMONSENSE is an avowedly partisan publication which rests on the premise that the partisan contest for votes must also be a contest of ideas. The ideas it attracts come from those, not exclusively Republicans, who value the concept of political parties as instruments for the introduction of ideas into the policy debate; for testing and refining those ideas; and for accommodating them to the diverse desires of a pluralistic people who despite what they hold separately can say in common, “we hold these truths. . .”

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ment; the Communist threat induces military preparations; *ergo*, the Communist threat shouldn't and doesn't exist.

The second difference is more elusive, though perhaps ultimately more important. Both Regnery and Morley are religious men; both, moreover,

cite religion as a necessary foundation of freedom and social virtue. Yet, beyond these general professions, Morley says almost nothing about religion, and what little he does say is garbled or eccentric (he refers at one point to the parable of the camel and the needle's eye as a "superstition"). Regnery is no more of a theologian than Morley, yet the subject is frequently on his mind. He recounts conversations with Gabriel Marcel and Karl Jaspers; he speaks proudly of new translations of Aquinas he has published; he recalls that Bach on his deathbed asked his family to sing "Before Thy Throne With This I Come." Morley, for all his rich personal experiences, displays a less cosmopolitan mind. Regnery, in detail after detail, shows an acquaintance with ideas which lie beyond and beneath Anglo-American thought. Morley represents a noble tradition—the tradition of Cromwell and Milton, of Penn and Jefferson—but it is not the only Western tradition, nor even the most important one.

So much for theories—especially since friendship and respect, in this case at least, transcend them: Morley's book was published by Henry Regnery, whose courtesy is acknowledged, in the Foreword, by Felix Morley. □

THE BAY OF PIGS: THE UNTOLD STORY

Peter Wyden / Simon & Schuster / \$12.95

Stephen Bryen

I have never worked with Hollywood in mind, but if I did, I would be sorely tempted to write a book as Peter Wyden has. By relying on interviews with those directly and indirectly involved in the Bay of Pigs operation, Wyden has produced a marketable melodrama, in which, predictably, President Kennedy and the CIA are cast in less than complimentary roles. Moreover, it is not a thorough book, because it fails to take up the important political and military questions raised by the Bay of Pigs.

President Kennedy's decision to limit air strikes against key targets in Cuba, which reduced the initial punch of the invasion, is a major theme in Wyden's book; yet why the President thought to do this he leaves unexplored, and the effects of the decision he blows out of proportion. From early on, it appears, the President was resolved to go ahead with the operation only if the United States kept a low profile, by allowing the CIA to carry the burden of the invasion, and by not committing American forces directly. It should be remembered that Kennedy's administration was trying to appeal to the emerging nations of the world, to win them over as allies and encourage their economic development. This "forward look," however, was constrained, on the one hand, by considerations of national security, which meant the new administration was not going to back independence movements, like Castro's, that were merely fronts for the Soviet Union; and on the other, by a determination to act with some finesse, i.e., not to send American forces into a foreign land to overthrow a revolutionary government. President Kennedy, himself a strong advocate of Algerian independence and a critic of the effort of France to impose a military solution on the FLN, could not in good conscience back the use of American armed forces in non-belligerent countries.

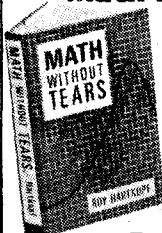
Obviously, then, Castro's Cuba

presented a problem. The solution appeared to be a CIA-directed Free Cuba invasion brigade, which would hold a position on Cuban soil long enough for the invading Cuban exiles and sympathetic Cuban citizens to establish a counter government to Fidel Castro. Unfortunately, the brigade failed to take into account the heavy weapons of the Cuban armed forces. Wyden pays almost no attention to this error in judgment, but instead blames the failure of the Bay of Pigs on the inability of the CIA to destroy Castro's air power. It is true that some T-33 trainers and Sea Furies survived the air strikes and caused heavy damage to B-26 support missions and to the invading force, most particularly to two of the invasion vessels. But the air battle in this respect was not decisive, although it did indeed add to the cost of the invasion. Far more important was the heavy artillery concentration of Castro's forces against the invaders. This was the unanticipated factor, made possible in part by fortuitous deliveries of Soviet artillery. In short, Castro's forces were able to pin down and overwhelm the invasion force. There was little that could be done to help them—the B-26 is not an accurate bomber and was flying too high to be effective against anything but large formations; and there was simply not enough powerful equipment on the ground to take out well-emplaced artillery.

To do that would have required concentrated air strikes from the U.S. carrier Essex, or bombardment from the sea. We had decided not to commit our aircraft, but even if we had, the invading force would still have had to have been reinforced; and, again, Kennedy had no intention of committing U.S. forces. Besides, it is doubtful whether battle-ready forces could have been moved in quickly enough to save the brigade.

Clearly the brigade had to survive on its own, or fail. It is wrong to conclude it could not have done so, at least in its first phase—even with the limitations on action imposed by the President. However, the concentration of Russian artillery, fully unanticipated, turned the tide, a point

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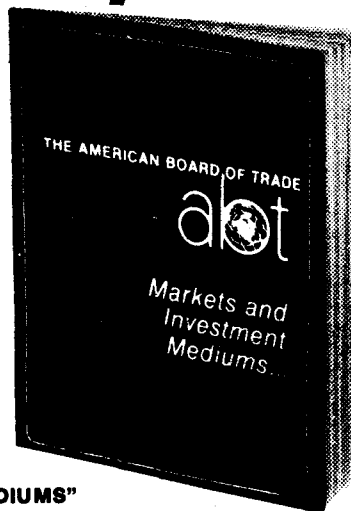
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not lost on the Russians. In Vietnam, Cambodia, and Lebanon they have exploited the fact, evidenced in Cuba, that relatively untrained guerrillas can master the Soviet equipment quickly and use it effectively. Given the many insurgency movements sponsored by the Russians today, and

given the fact that those who oppose the insurgents will have to fight without full outside support, perhaps the Bay of Pigs should be remembered as an example less of our own ineptitude for directing the course of events in the Third World than of the Soviets' great aptitude for it. □

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A BIOGRAPHY

Forrest McDonald / Norton / \$17.50

Alan L. Miller

The shifting winds of historical interpretation have been especially unfair to Alexander Hamilton. Instead of receiving the appreciative appraisal he surely deserves, this brilliant architect of our national foundation is too often reduced to playing the villain opposite Thomas Jefferson, the one dour and dispassionate, the other humane. We are told, for instance, that Jefferson extolled the virtues of the common folk, while Hamilton referred to them as "a great beast." Thus, it is Jefferson, with his spirit of *noblesse oblige*, who qualifies for historical canonization, not Hamilton, the bastard who grew too fast, trading his modest past and humanity for the trappings of wealth and power. Granted, Hamilton was intelligent and clever about money matters, but his fiscal policies lined the pockets of the rich. And if this is not quite enough, it turns out that Aaron Burr was not really a scoundrel after all. In fact, his killing of Hamilton was less a tragedy than perhaps a meting out of just deserts.

In this superb biography by Forrest McDonald, professor of history at the University of Alabama and distinguished senior fellow at the Center for the Study of Southern History and Culture, such historical myths are not suffered gladly. Indeed, in the process of praising Hamilton's con-

siderable contributions to our nation's history, McDonald contends that Hamilton's intent in creating a new financial system was, in part, to supplant a stagnant social order of plutocrats whose power and prestige rested less on ability than on inheritance. In place of pedigree and privilege, Hamilton, as the nation's first Treasury Secretary, sought to infuse

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the economy with the combustible elements of a free market, in which money, as a commodity, would serve as the ultimate leveller, in a sort of monetary merit system.

In addition, McDonald points out that Hamilton was the moving force behind the first Presidency: Washington seldom made a move without consulting his indispensable Treas-

ury Secretary. For this access Hamilton earned the envy of Jefferson and Madison, who continually maneuvered to dilute his influence. In fact, it was their failure to do so that inspired them to launch the Democratic Republican Party, which continually sniped at the administration's policies and made for so much political divisiveness.

In McDonald's account, Hamilton emerges as an idealist who, although incurring heavy personal debts in the meager pay of government service, never compromised his integrity by using the power of his position for personal gain. By comparison, Jefferson, and others, profited from, among other things, land speculation, which not incidentally guided

their choices for the location of the nation's capital. Moreover, Jefferson's counsel, often epigrammatic and tendentious, bordered on being irresponsible, especially in matters of foreign policy. Fortunately, Hamilton's calmer voice usually held sway, as when he convinced Washington to steer a middle course in 1793, when the fledgling nation came perilously close to a rematch with the British. For this effort Hamilton was branded a sympathizer with the Empire when in fact his philosophical pragmatism determined a stable course that Jefferson's irrational attachment to the French would never have allowed.

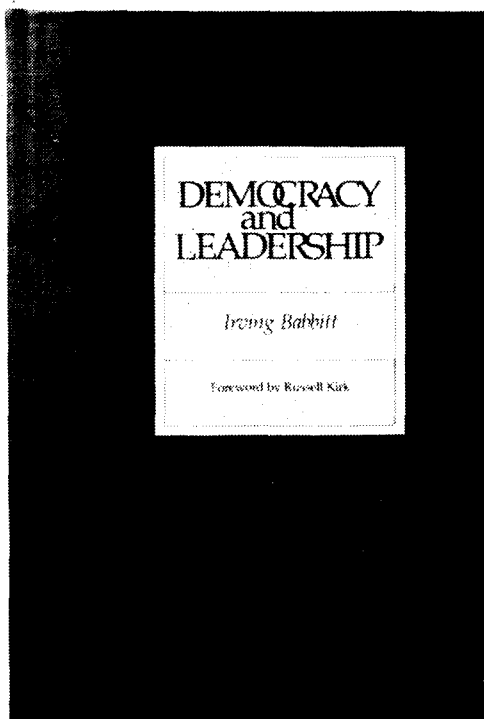
This is not to suggest that Hamilton was without faults. His independence and the ease with which he could grasp intellectual detail led him to a certain impatience; many came to resent his intellect and detached manner. And once he was involved in a messy extramarital affair, including blackmail, that could have brought him personal ruin and sabotaged the financial structure he labored so diligently to construct. But even here he confronted the problem squarely, foiling the blackmailers and regaining the confidence of his wife.

Above all else, Hamilton was an economic genius who, in consolidating our national debt, establishing a mint, revising the tax system, and creating a national bank, drew upon a wide range of intellectual sources. That is one reason why his conclusions were sound enough to launch the nation, and sustain it through many assaults. As McDonald summarizes:

The Jeffersonians labored for a dozen years to tear down what Hamilton had built, only to blunder their way into a war and thereby to discover the necessity of putting it back together again. A generation later the Jeffersonian heirs, the Jacksonian Democrats, tore it down again with a peculiar result. In the absence of an effective national government it became possible for each state to make its own rules of the game. Those in the South adopted Jeffersonian rules and their society continued to rest upon the mystique of the land, upon slavery and upon the exercise of force without the impartial restraint of law. Those elsewhere adopted Hamiltonian rules, and their society rested upon the market, free labor, contractual relationships, and law. The Civil War brought the triumph of the Hamiltonian way, leaving Jefferson's beloved South a wretched and accursed backwater. The rest of the nation moved on to greatness.

This splendid biography will doubtless remain the standard against which subsequent Hamiltonian scholars will measure their labors. □

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By Irving Babbitt

A penetrating work of political and moral philosophy, first published in 1924, *Democracy and Leadership* is packed with wisdom. Irving Babbitt was a distinguished professor of French literature at Harvard and a leader of the intellectual movement called American Humanism. This was his only directly political book, and in it Babbitt applies the principles of humanism to the civil social order. He summarizes the principal political philosophies; contrasts Rousseau with Burke; describes true and false liberals; distinguishes between ethical individualism and destructive egoism; and stands up for work and duty. *Democracy and Leadership* joins the broken links between politics and morals—and that accomplishment marks it as a work of genius. With a foreword by Russell Kirk. Hardcover \$9.00, Softcover \$4.00.

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The New Republic

With fumes of cow dung wafting heavenward from his clodhoppers and filling his mind with much constructive criticism, Dr. Lawrence Goodwyn, author of *Democratic Promise: The Populist Movement in America*, issues another sobering jeremiad:

The price of banker control of the nation's monetary system over the past 100 years has been incalculable in terms of the cramped lives of hundreds of millions of Americans. During these many decades, the private banking system has been the central pivot in the centralization of American life. It has now given us not only an aimless two-party corporate politics, but it has drowned the culture itself in an ocean of fraudulent economic and political hucksterism and consumerism. The issue to be tested in the 1980s is whether or not the process has gone on so long that no substantial group of Americans remains undeadened, unresigned, unintimidated.

[September 1-8, 1979]

The New Republic

The solemn prelude to another escapade in moral exhibitionism by the Rev. Irving Howe, author of *The Communist Party: A Critical History*: No question that human beings can ask themselves is more attractive morally than, were we wrong?

[August 18, 1979]

The Great Books Series

Evidence of the colossal ratiocinations of the feminist *philosophes* continues to mount. This time the brilliant Miss Kate Millett notifies the world as to why, in 1965, a Mrs. Gertrude Baniszewski enslaved, tortured, and murdered 16-year-old Sylvia Likens. Read on and marvel: Sylvia would not have been subjected to her specific tortures if she were not a girl. They were devised for her precisely because she was one. That was her crime.

The Basement
Kate Millett

[Simon & Schuster, 1979]

The New York Times

The scientific findings of Dr. Norman Fisk, the Stanford University psychiatrist who has assiduously studied 170 surgically re-sexed pioneers:

Several years ago, Dr. Fisk did his own follow-up study, interviewing all of the 170 patients who had been operated upon at Stanford by that time. He found that six to eight years after surgery they were better off than the general population in terms of emotional or psychosocial problems, were better adjusted in their communities and had markedly improved sex lives, with all able to reach orgasm. Those who changed from female to male all earned more after surgery, but most of the male-to-female patients had to settle for a lower income after their change.

[October 2, 1979]

The Indianapolis Star

Christian-feminist Gabrielle Burton heaves up a masterful report and analysis of atrocities recently committed by Pope Paul VI right here in the twentieth century:

The secret's out: Pope Paul VI often wore a hair shirt.

Not just your pesky goat or horsehair kind, either, his former personal secretary revealed recently to 5,000 people in Milan Cathedral.

No, Pope Paul VI, who died last August at the age of 80, wore a hair shirt "stuffed with metal points that scratched his skin."

According to Msgr. Macchi, Paul VI started wearing the shirt as a young man. OK. Born in a different century, he came to youth in a different time, when this type of penance was encouraged in religious orders. Youth is allowed excess.

That's exactly what a hair shirt is: excess. Why didn't he grow out of it? Where were his spiritual advisers, his close friends? Was there no one to suggest more effective, less Gothic actions for the leader of 700 million Catholics?...

A hair shirt in the 20th century, like drawbridges and moats, is a comic prop *except* when worn by a powerful man who holds others' destinies in his hand. Then its ramifications are tragic.

Msgr. Macchi tells us that Paul VI wore the penitential garment "for the good of the church." *For the good of the church?* What good could a secret hair shirt do? How could God possibly care? If a person thinks God is concerned with such things, what kind of vision of God and Catholicism does this suggest? How sympathetic can a person who routinely practices self-mutilation be to others' pains?

[November 13, 1979]

The Humanist

Miss Debra Rothman of New York, New York, reveals highly original findings from a recent sexual survey conducted by her in accordance with the highest clinical standards and the most meticulous methodology:

I have discussed the question of why they do not commit rape with men of my acquaintance, and another reason emerges. Quite aside from the morality of the situation, there are men who do not enjoy sex with a partner who is tense, emotionally upset, or not responsive emotionally or physically—let alone one who actively resists. They find the woman's pleasure a "turn-on"—her excitement arouses them. Such men, no matter how badly they may want or need sex at a given moment, will not turn to rape—simply because it does not satisfy them. They may resort to auto-eroticism, infidelity, fantasy, sex-shop gadgets, prostitution—even, in some cases, homosexuality—but they will not even consider rape.

I do not know how common this attitude is, but it seems to me that it is a desirable one to cultivate. It stands to reason that if more people had that kind of sexual response, there would be fewer rapes—and probably fewer divorces as well.

[September/October 1979]

The Nation

A Miss Anne Nelson limns the mortal presence of Miss Lolita Lebron, sprung from the hoosegow by our President on September 6. Miss Lebron led a 1954 attack on an unarmed United States House of Representatives. In these times such brave acts are few:

The news photos from 1954 show a tiny woman with raven hair and eyes filled with contempt for her captors. Twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary have rounded her form and turned her hair stark white. She is a radiant woman, and both fellow prisoners and prison guards seem to seek her company. "They come and go," she smiles. "After twenty-five years I have become—let us say 'senior resident,' and I have met many, many excellent women."

[August 11-18, 1979]

Mother Jones

Post-Freudian gibbering on a sociological level:

On a sociological level I would rather not be single; the world is geared for couples. But emotionally it suits me fine to enjoy my friends when I care to, help with their problems when I can, and still have the freedom to spend an evening alone with a bubble bath and a good novel when my own psyche needs some loving care. This is probably a selfish way to live, but if more people knew how to treat themselves as tenderly as they expect their lovers to treat them, there might be fewer unions based on neurotic need.

[September/October 1979]

The New York Review of Books

In the spacious pages of the *New York Review of Books*, Prof. David Brion Davis solemnly reviews *Patri-cide in the House Divided: A Psychological Interpretation of Lincoln and His Age*, by George Forgie, Freudian dingbat. The book sells for \$14.95, and the Federal Trade Commission has yet to act:

To put it briefly, Forgie holds that Lincoln's generation, having internalized a reverence for the founding fathers as inimitable exemplars of heroic virtue, could neither recognize nor resolve their own needs to destroy their parents. Instead of retreating from politics and projecting political symbols into the private sphere, as Freud apparently did, they affirmed the primacy of politics while projecting the symbols of family and domestic life into the public world....

For Forgie, this psychological process shaped "not only the mentality of mid-century leadership but also the structure and style of the long struggle to preserve the Union and hence the origins of the American Civil War." Indeed, Forgie argues that the sentimental flight from symbolic patricide prevented antebellum Americans from achieving cultural and political autonomy, and ultimately unleashed fratricidal impulses which a leader like Lincoln could exploit but not control.

[October 25, 1979]

The Tuskegee News

At Tuskegee Institute one of the leading attractions of the college Chautauqua circuit makes a laudable revelation of skullduggery in low places: He called Jonestown an unparalleled narcotics shipment. Black mothers, [Dick] Gregory insisted amid moans from the audience, would not have voluntarily joined in killing themselves or their children. Instead, Gregory implied that the mass killings were designed to use the bodies for narcotics shipments into the United States.

The bodies were face-down in Jonestown, as they were in many cases during the Vietnam conflict. And by Gregory reasoning, the delay in announcing the death of 900 instead of 400 persons was just long enough to open the bodies and insert heroin for shipment to this country.

[November 8, 1979]

America

An eminent geopolitician at the redoubtable *America* whoops it up for *The Price of Defense*, a scholarly tome abounding with suggestions on how to thwart the rapacious military, the armament tycoons, the CIA, life-guards, school crossing attendants, the works:

This is an excellent and thorough specification for a change in the military establishment of the United States, involving most importantly a cut of some \$47 billion—a 39 percent reduction of the military budget of \$120 billion for fiscal year 1978. The time is long past when such a suggestion had to be put forward as something nice and moral to do. Now it can be said without exaggeration that without such a cutback there is no prospect of rehabilitating American industry, putting an end to the current combination of inflation and stagnation and, in fact, saving the democratic-capitalist system.

[September 15, 1979]

Rolling Stone

Astounding revelations from the world of high cerebrations from Miss Susan Sontag, teacher, author, trepan:

...when I go to a Patti Smith concert, I enjoy, participate, appreciate and am tuned in better because I've read Nietzsche.

How, specifically, do you see Patti Smith's connection to Nietzsche?

In the way she talks, the way she comes on, what she's trying to do, the kind of person she is. That's part of where we are culturally. But where we are culturally has these roots. As I said, the main reason I read is that I enjoy it. There's no incompatibility between observing the world and being tuned into an electronic, multimedia, multitracked, McLuhanite world and enjoy what can be enjoyed about rock & roll. Rock & roll really changed my life.... You know, I think rock & roll is the reason I got divorced. I think it was Bill Haley and the Comets and Chuck Berry (*laughing*) that made me decide that I had to get a divorce and leave the academic world.

[October 4, 1979]

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THE TALKIES (continued from page 6)

and dry-cleaning tickets, and walks out the door. She becomes very upset when Ted, unable to believe what she is doing, tries to drag her back into their apartment. "Please don't make me go back in there," she pleads, and escapes to the elevator, leaving Ted and Billy behind.

So Ted must become a mother to the kid to whom he is already an affectionate father. He must keep Billy's spirits up and strive to keep the child in a functioning state. They manage pretty well. Although Billy keenly misses his mother, hiding her picture away in a drawer and taping what few letters she writes to him over his bed, and although he is often somewhat unkempt, he learns to get by. In a series of profoundly moving and evocative scenes, father and son forge their unhappy but necessary alliance.

A year passes. Unbeknownst to both Ted and Billy, Joanna has reappeared; we see her watching Billy through store windows and from around street corners. Finally she calls Ted and they meet. She tells him she has been to California and has entered analysis—has, she says, "gotten my head together"—and wants Billy. "You can't have him," Ted tells her; "I foresaw all this," she says, and vows to take the matter to court.

And they enter the legal battle that gives the film its title. On the stand, Joanna speaks of her qualities as a mother and of her newfound strengths. She cries prettily as she

dwells on her shortcomings and tells of the tribulations of being Ted's wife. Ted, in his turn, talks about his equal right to his child. Then we wait to hear the court's conclusion, knowing that the child's well-being depends upon the right decision.

The right decision is, of course, to let Billy stay with Ted. This has nothing to do with his "equal right" to keep the child; rather, it's because Ted, who has lost his job as a result of the lengths to which he has gone to replace Joanna as Billy's mother, is a good parent; while Joanna, who has gone to California to get her head together, is a lousy mother, despite her newfound feminist strength and the fact that she gave birth to Billy.

We know that Joanna is a cop-out artist who has failed to hack it in what is perhaps the most taxing and important job there is. Unfortunately, we know this better than writer-director Robert Benton, who could not find it in his heart to tell the merciless truth about the pitifully weak and self-serving Joanna. He attempts to make Joanna something more than just a villain by ascribing to her a purity of motive and a kindness that her actions do not demonstrate. To this end, he has Joanna and Ted talk about Joanna's difficulties and the tolls these took upon her sensitive character. Benton even has Ted explain to his guilt-racked son that Joanna left not because of Billy but because of her marriage: "I tried to make her into a certain kind of wife," Ted says. This rings completely false on two accounts: first, because we witness

nothing to convince us that Ted "oppressed" his wife; and second, because everything Joanna did points to the fact that it *was* Billy that made her leave. If it weren't, wouldn't she have taken Billy with her? Benton thus waffles at the moment he could have taken a truly courageous stand.

Despite Benton's unwillingness to go all the way in his portrayal of Joanna, as a whole *Kramer vs. Kramer* is an indictment of her behavior and a subtle and chilling indictment of the pervasive effects of the women's liberation movement. For while Joanna is conversant with the women's liberation lingo, she is not a feminist, but simply someone who needed an excuse to abandon the responsibilities of motherhood. This excuse is conveniently provided by the Sisterhood, which, in its advocacy of "self-fulfillment" above all else, has managed to make the reprehensible act of deserting a child (an even more egregious moral offense when committed by a mother) acceptable and even laudable. And so it becomes possible for Joanna to walk out the door in search of "self," and in the process to leave her child behind.

Kramer vs. Kramer stands as an extraordinary dissenting statement from pious and fellow-traveling Hollywood. The masterful and wrenching way in which it is told, as well as the astonishing performances of Hoffman, Streep, and particularly Henry, serve to make it a disquieting and memorable experience. It is the only recent work of popular entertainment (excepting the novel on which it is based) to question the flight of privileged American women from their natural responsibility. □

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Recently, Denver’s *Rocky Mountain News* published an article on women’s liberation by *The American Spectator*’s editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. The reaction was so amusing that several of our Denver readers wrote us about the letters to the editor, the picketing of the *News*, and the follow-up story.

Why, we thought, should our Denver readers have all the fun? After all, they already get to enjoy the mountain air, the beautiful scenery, and Coors beer at the source.

So as a public service to our non-Denver readers, we offer excerpts of the published letters to the *Rocky Mountain News* chastising our gentle editor.

“I am both sad and angry that the *News* would print ‘Women of the Fevered Brow’ by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. . . . blatant and ugly sexism. . . .”

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